



The Sweet tongd. Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y^e, which his owne pensil drew
The Poet, in his deathless Poems, view.



The Sweet tongd. Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y^e, which his owne pensil drew
The Poet, in his deathles Poems, view.

OVID
DE

ARTE AMANDI,

And the
REMEDY of LOVE
ENGLISHED.

As also the LOVES of
Hero & Leander,

A mock POEM:

Together with Choice Poems, and Rare Pieces
of Drollery.



LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1677.

OLYMPIA

D.

THE

A. B. C.

STANDARD

ENGLISH

As also the Love of

History & Geography

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

together with Choice Poems, and Part of the
of Dr. Bentley.

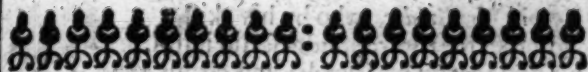


W. B. E. S.

Printed in the Year 1781

8
I
M
H
B
B
B
T
A
T
A
L
L
Y
A
O
E

(1)



PUBLII,
OVIDII NASONIS
DE
ARTE AMANDI:
OR THE
ART of LOVE.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this Multitude,
That in the Art of Love is dull and rude,
Me let him Read, and these my Lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my Verse.
By art of Sails and Oars, Seas are divided,
By art the Chariot runs, by art love's guided;
By art the bridle's rein'd in, or let slip:
Tiphys by art did guide th' *Himorian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone
Love's expert *Tiphys* and *Antomedon*.
Love in himself is apish and untoward,
Yet being a child, I'll whip him when he's froward.
Achilles in his Youth was taught to run
On the string'd Lute a sweet division,

By old *Phyllirides*, who by his skill
 To his fierce nature mildness did instill.
 Of him that oft his friends, and oft his foes
 Made quake, a weak old man could well dispose.
 His furious rage was known to be a Suitor,
 And with submission kneel, unto his Tutor.
Æacides by *Chiron* was instructed;
 And by my Art is Love himself conducted.
 Both goddesses sons, *Venus* and *Thetis* joys,
 Both shrewd, both waggish, and unhappy boys.
 Yet the stiff Bulls neck by the Yoke is worn,
 The proud Steed chews the Bit which he doth scorn.
 And though Loves darts my own heart cleaves asun-
 Yet by my Art the Wag shall be kept under, (der,
 And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
 The more I will revenge me of my wound.
 Sacred *Apollo* witness of my flame,
 Behold thy Arts I do not falsely claime,
 Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen,
 Whil'st feeding sheep in *Africa's* valleys green.
 Proud Sky, I teach of what I have been master,
 Love bids me speak, I'll be your skilful Master.
 And what I speak is true: thus I begin,
 Be present at my labours, Love's fair Queen.

Keep hence you modest Maids and come not near,
 That use to blush, and shamefast garments wear,
 That have scant ruffs, and keep your hair unseen,
 Whose feet with your white Aprons covered been.
 For *Vesta's* Virgins here no place is left;
 My Muse sings *Venus* spoils and Love's sweet theft;
 What kind affections Lovers thoughts do pierce,
 And there shall be no fault in this my Verse.



THE FIRST
BOOK.

First, thou that art a Fresh-man and art bent
To bear Loves arms and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to love : the next thing thou
must do,

Learn how to speak her fair, to plead & woo:
Last, having won thy Mistriss to thy lure,
I'll teach thee how to make that Love endure :
This is my aim, I'll keep within this space,
And in this Road my Chariot wheel shall trace.
Whil'st thou liv'st free and art a Batcheler,
The love of one above the rest prefer :
To whom thy soul says, You alone content me ;
But such a one shall not from Heaven be sent thee,
Such are not dropt down from the Azure skies,
But thou must seek her out with busie eyes.
Well knows the Huntſ-man where his toyl to set,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet :
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gin ;
The Fisher knows what pool most fish are in :
And thou that studiſt to become a Lover,
Learn in what place most Virgins to discover.
I do not bid thee sail the Seas, to seek,
Or travel far to find one thou doſt like ;

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroes* sought,
 And fair *Andromeda* from *India* brought;
 Or *Paris*, who to steal that dainty piece,
 Travel'd as far as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*.
 Behold, this populous City in her pride
 Yields thee more choice than all the world beside:
 More Ears of ripe Corn grow not in the fields,
 Nor half so many Boughs the Forest yields:
 So many green Leaves grow not in the woods,
 Nor swim so many fish in the salt floods;
 So many Stars in Heaven you cannot see,
 As there be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
 Fair *Venus* in the City of her Son
 Is honoured, which *Aeneas* first begun.
 If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,
 More Virgins thou maist see than can be told.
 If women of indifferent age will ease thee,
 Amongst a thousand thou mayst choose to please thee.
 If ancient women, in the City be
 Matrons admired for their graviry:
 To find a Matron, Widow, or young Maid;
 Walk but at such time under *Pompey's* shade,
 When as the Sun mounts on the *Lyon's* back,
 And store of all degrees thou shalt not lack;
 Or to that Marble walk which was begun,
 And ended by a Mother and her Son,
 Abroad, at noon, betimes, or evening late,
 That day which we to *Luna* consecrate;
 Or to the fifty sisters *Belus* Daughters,
 That all save one made of their Husbands slaughters.
 Or that same Holy-day we yearly keep,
 In which fair *Venus* doth for *Adon* weep;
 Or in the seventh day sacred more than all,
 Which the *Jews* Nation do their Sabbath call:

Or

Or to the *Memphian* Church, where many a Vow
 Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her Cow;
 Or to the Market-place which way is short;
 Women of all estates do there resort.
 Repair else to the Pulpits, even the same
 In which our learned Orators declame;
 Here often is the Pleaders tongue struck dumb
 By those attractive eyes that thither come.
 There he to whom anothers cause is known,
 Speaking of that, wants words to plead his own.
Venus rejoycing smiles to see from far
 The Lawyer made a Client at the Bar.
 But most of all I would advise thee stir
 At the Play time unto the Theater,
 Where thou shalt find them thick in a great number,
 The matted seats, and the degrees to cumber.
 Amongst that goodly crew thou mayst behold,
 Whom thou both lov'st, suest to, and fain wouldst hold.
 Look as the laden Ants march to and fro,
 And with their heavy burdens trooping go:
 Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flye,
 Bearing each one her Honey on her thigh,
 And round about the spacious fields do stray:
 So do the fairest women to a play,
 That I have wondred how it could include
 Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
 There many a Captive look hath conquered been;
 Thither they come to see men and be seen.
 Great *Romulus*, thou first these Plays contriv'st,
 To get thy widowed Souldiers *Sabine* wives.
 In those days from the Marble house did way
 No sail, no silken flag, no Ensign brave;
 The Tragick Stage in that age was not red;
 There were no mixed colours tempered:

A 5

Then

Then did the Scene want art, the homely stage
 Was made of Grass and Earth in that rude age.
 Round about which the boughs were thickly placed
 The people did not think themselves disgraced
 Of tough and heathy sods to have their seats,
 Made in degrees of sods and massy peats.
 Thus plac'd in order, every *Roman* spi'd
 Into his Virgins eyes, and by her side
 Sate him down close, and severally did move
 The innocent *Sabine* women to their love.
 And whil'st the Piper *Thuscus* rudely play'd,
 And by his stamping with his foot had made
 A sign unto the rest, there was a shout,
 Whose shrill report pierc'd all the air about.
 Now with a sign of rape given from the King,
 Round through the house the lusty *Romans* fling,
 Leaving no corner of the same unsought;
 'Till every one a frighted Virgin caught.
 Look as the trembling Dove the Eagle flies,
 Or a young Lamb when he a Wolf espies:
 So run these poor girls, filling the air with shrieks,
 Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks.
 One fear possesseth them all, but not one look;
 This tears her hair, she hath her wits forsook:
 Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,
 Some chafe, some flye, some stand, but frighted all:
 Thus were the ravisht *Sabines* blushing led,
 Becoming shame unto each *Roman's* bed:
 If any striv'd against it, straight her man
 Would take her on his knee, whom fear made wan,
 And say Why weep'st thou sweet, what ailst my dear?
 Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow clear;
 I'll be to thee, if thou thy grief wilt smother,
 Such as thy Father was unto thy Mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his Souldiers please,
 To give them such fair Mistresses as these.
 If such rich wages thou wilt give to me,
 Great *Romulus*, thy Souldier I will be,
 From that first age the *Theater* hath been
 Even like a trap to take fair Wenches in.
 Frequent the Tilt-yard, for there oft-times are
 Clusters of people thronging at the Barr:
 Thou shalt not need there with thy fingers beckon;
 Of winking signs, or close nods do not reckon;
 But where thy mistress sits, do thou abide:
 If thou canst not approach close to her side,
 As near as the place suffers see thou get,
 That none betwixt thee and her self be set:
 If thou beest mute and bashful, I will teach
 How to begin and break the Ice of speech:
 Ask whose that horse was, what he was did guide him?
 Whence came he; if he well or ill did ride him?
 Which in the course of Barries best did do?
 And whom she likes, him do thou favour too.
 When thou espieest where *Romes* best gallants sit,
 Applaud fair *Venus*, with thy Mistress hand it.
 If dust by chance upon her garments fall,
 Look with thy ready hand thou brush it all.
 And though none fall, yet look that without scoff
 Thou with thy dicious hand beat that none off.
 And let the least occasion shew thy duty,
 None can be too servile unto a beauty.
 If her loose garments hang down, that the skirt
 Lick up the dust, or fall into the dirt;
 Officious be to lift it up again,
 And from the fluttish Earth to bear her train.
 Haply thy duty may so rewarded be,
 That thou her foot or well shap't Leg maist see.

Beware

Beware that none behind her rude ly crush her,
 Or with his hard knees or his elbows brush her.
 Small favours Womens light thoughts captivate,
 And many in their loves make fortunate:
 Softning a cushion, fanning the fresh air,
 Or to her weary foot adding a stair;
 Such diligence and duty often proves
 Great furtherance to many in their loves.
 Within these Lists hath *Cupid* battel sounded:
 Who others wounded saw, he has been wounded:
 As careless of himself he pries about,
 To know which conquers of the Champions stout;
 He feels himself pierc't with a flying Dart,
 And wounded sore, complains him of his heart.
 Oh what assembly did there come to see
 Great *Cesar* stand in all his Royalty;
 Praising his prizes in their shouts and skips,
 Took in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships!
 From both sides of the Seas young Gallants came,
 And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
 Then was the City throng'd; who could not find
 In that fair Crew a Saint to please his mind?
 Oh Gods! How many did kind fancy drive
 Strangers to us, us unto them to wive!
 Behold great *Cesar* through the whole world famed,
 Will add unto the Nations he hath tamed
 The eastern Kingdoms hereto over-past,
 And they of all his Conquest shall be last.
 See where a stout Revenger comes in Arms,
 Whose haughty breast the flower of Honour warms;
 That being but a Child leads war in chains,
 But more, than Children can, by war constrains.
 Cease now to reckon up the Hero's years,
 For *Cesars* valour in his youth appears.

The

The wisdom which might well become the aged;
 Shall in the self same rank be equipaged:
 That all the world may wonder one so young,
 Hath such a ripe wit and so quaint a tongue.
 Thy gifts out-strip thy age, whose slow pace lingers
 Such was his instant strength, who 'twixt his fingers ::
 Crush't two invenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
 What would he do being mounted on the Saddle?
 As great as *Bacchus* when his years yet green,
 Was in his power among the *Indies* seen:
Cesar is heir unto his Fathers spirit,
 And his Fore-fathers vertues does inherit;
 With their auspicious fortune proudly dight;
 Wars, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight.
 Such be the Fates, and great must be his fame
 That shall wage Battel under *Cesars* name.
 Live still thou youth of young men being King,
 When old, then old men shall thy praises sing.
 Revenge thy wronged Brothers, thy dead Father,
 And to the Wars millions of people gather.
 Thy Father, and thy countries father too,
 Put thee in arms 'gainst thy insulting foe.
 Thou bear'st Religious arms, so doth not he
 Wrong leads him forth, but Justice fights for thee.
 Behold the *Parthians* are already slain,
 The East yields Homage to the *Latine* train.
Cesar and *Mars*, both Gods, his Fathers both,
 Make prosperous his journey, now he goeth;
 I prophesie his Conquest, and his Praise
 In a rich stile unto the Heavens I'll raise.
 With my field words she shall his Army cheer,
 Which with their sweet sound shall enchant each ear.
 Whilst I the *Parthians* flight describe at large,
 Who backward shoor, as flying, their foes charge.
 And.

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
 In vain poor *Parthian* Souldier thou dost fight.
Mars the great God of arms, forsake thy Drum,
 In vain thou hop'st by flight to overcome.
 In one day shalt thou, f. irest of all things,
 Be deckt with Gold, attended on by Kings;
 And drawn along by four white snowy Steeds,
 To royallize thy acts and famous deeds:
 The whilst thy troops of Souldiers round invirons
 The Captain of the enemy bound with Irons:
 Giving their legs to keep them from the flight,
 Which they before did practise in their fight.
 The joyful young men mingled with sweet lasses,
 Will croud and press to see him as he passes;
 And now being met, no sweet occasion balk;
 Make speech of any thing to enter talk:
 Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
 And take upon thee to explain each shew.
 As thus, That's *Euphrates* that first proceeds,
 Having her head bound with a wreath of Reeds;
 Call the next *Tigris* with her hair all blew:
 Maids may be flattered, to think feign'd things true
 Say this presents *Armenia*, *Persia* she,
 In the next place let *Achemenia* be.
 That man's a conqueror, captives they that tremble
 Speak truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
 Thence if you go to banquet and sit down
 To taste sweet Viands and to drink a round;
 There may thy thoughts unto my art incline,
 Observing love more than the Crimson Wine.
Cupid himself, always inur'd to rapes,
 Hath with his own white hand prest *Bacchus* grapes,
 Until his wings with sprinkled wine made wet,
 He heavy sits, and sleeps where he is set.

The dew from off his Feathers soon he shakes,
 Which from his drowned wings the dry air takes;
 But from his breast so soon he cannot drive
 Love sprinkled there, though ne're so much he strive.
 Wine doth prepare the spirits, heats the brain hot,
 Expels deep cares, make sorrows quite forgot;
 Moves mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man
 And not remembering need to laugh aloud; (proud,
 Sets ope the thoughts, and craftiness doth banish,
 Rejecteth Art; and at wines fight woes vanish.
 In wine hath many a young mans heart been took,
 And born away in a fair Wenches look;
 In wine is lust and rankness of desire;
 Joyn wine and love, and you add fire to fire.
 Choose not a face by Torch-light, but by day,
 Only gross faules such splendors can bewray.
 Trust no made lights, they will deceive thine eye;
 Thou canst not judge by Torch-light, nor in twy -
 At the broad Noon-tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,
 Did *Paris* say to *Hellen*, thou art fairest.
 The Night hides faults, the Midnight hour is blind,
 And no mishap or deformity can find.
 Stones and dy'd Searlet by the day we chuse:
 The broad day and bright Sun in beauty use.
 Sometimes unto those places task thy feet,
 Where the fair Forest Huntresses do meet
 In humber more than Sea-sands; else prepare
 To the warm Bathes, where many a female are;
 There some or other hurt by *Cupid's* stroke,
 Where troubled waters with warm Brimstone smoke,
 Mistakes the wounds cause, and exclaiming raves,
 Not blaming Love, but those unwholsome waves.
 See where *Diana's* grovy Temple stands, (hand;
 Where Kingdoms have been won by slaughtering
 Because

Because she *Cupid* loaths and lives chaste still,
 Much people she hath slain and much shall kill.
 Thus far my Muse hath sung in divers strains
 Where thou maist find fit place to set thy trains.
 My next endeavour is to lay the ground,
 To achieve and win the Mistress thou hast found.
 Be prompt and apt, you that shall read my lines,
 And use attention to their disciplines.
 The first strict precept I enjoyn your sence,
 Needful to be observ'd, is Confidence:
 Be confident, thy suit being once begun,
 And build on this, they all are to be won.
 First shall the Birds that welcome in the spring,
 All mute and dumb for ever cease to sing:
 The Summer Ants leave their industrious pains,
 And from their full Mouths casts their loaded gains.
 The swift *Menalian* hounds that chasing are,
 Shall frighted run back from the trembling hare,
 Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee,
 Poor Fool, shall have the hard heart to deny thee.
 Stolen pleasure, which to men is never hateful,
 To women is now and at all times ever grateful.
 The difference is, a maid her love will cover,
 Men are more impudent and publick lovers.
 'Tis meet we men should ask the question first,
 Should women do it, it would become them ill.
 The Heifers strength being once ripe and mellow,
 After the Bull she through the field will bellow.
 The Mare neighs after the courageous Steed,
 But humane Lust doth not so much exceed.
 Our flame hath lawful bonds, keeps time and season,
 Nor bestial made like theirs, but mixt with reason.
 Should I of *Byblis* speak, whose hot desire
 Doth to her Brothers lawless bed aspire?

And

And when the incestuous deed she well suspendeth,
With resolution her sweet life she endeth.

Mirra the love of her own Father sought,
Affecting him but not as daughters ought :

Her body in a trees rough rinde appears ;

And with her sweet and odoriferous tears

Our bodies we perfume ; these are the same,

Mirra of this *Mistress Mirra* bears the name.

In *Ida* of tall trees and Cedars full,

There fed the glory of the Heard, a Bull, (grew,

Snow white, save 'twixt his Horns one spot there

Save that one stain he was of Milky hew.

This Bullock did the Heifers of the groves

Desire to bear, as Prince of all their droves.

But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous breath

Envies the lovely Heifers to the death :

I speak known truth, this cannot *Crete* deny,

With all her hundred Cities built on high.

'Tis said that for this Bull the doating Lass

Did use to top fresh boughs, and the young grass ;

Nor was the amorous *Crete*an Queen afraid,

To grow a kind companion to the heard :

Thus through the Campaign she is madly born,

And a wild Bull to *Minos* gives the horn.

'Tis not for bravery he doth love or loath thee,

Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou so richly cloath thee ?

Why dost thou thus thy face and looks prepare,

What mak'st thou with thy glass ordering thy hair ?

Unless thy glass could make thee seem a Cow,

And how can horns grow on that tender brow ?

If *Minos* please thee, no adulterer seek thee,

Or if thy Husband *Minos* do not like thee,

But thy lascivious thoughts are still encreas'd,

Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.

Thy

Thus by the Queen the wild woods are frequented,
 And leaving the Kings bed, she is contented
 To use the groves born by the rage of wind,
 Even as a ship with a full Eastern wind.
 How often hath she with an envious eye
 Look'd on the Cow that by her Bull did lie,
 Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer move
 My hearts chief Lord, and urge him to her love?
 Behold, how she before him joyful skips,
 And proudly jetting on the green Grass leaps,
 To please his amorous eye; then charg'd the Queen
 See in these fields that Cow no more be seen.
 No sooner to her Servants had she spoke,
 But the poor Beast was had up to the yoke.
 Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queen slew,
 And their warm blood the Altars did embroe;
 Whil'st by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
 And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands.
 Oft pray'd she to the Gods, but all in vain, (flam
 T'appease their deities with blood of Beasts the
 And to their bowels spake, Go, go, be gon
 To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
 Now doth she wish her self *Europa*, then
 To be fair *Io* pasturing in the Fen:
Io a beast in shape, hide, hoof, and horn;
 Only *Europa* on a beast was born.
 At length the Captain of the heard beguil'd
 With a Cows skin with curious art compil'd,
 The longing Queen obtain'd her full desire,
 And in the Childs birth did bewray the fire.
 Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thyestes* bed,
 She had nor with her Child been banished;
 Nor *Phæbus* stopt his Carr that so bright burned,
 And his Steeds back unto the Morning turned.

King *Nisus* Daughter that was held so fair,
 Stole from her Fathers head the purple hair:
 And hanging at the ship, was in her fall
 Chang'd to a Bird in voice, in shape and all!
 Another *Scylla* was by *Circe's* spells
 Made a Sea monster, and in the Ocean dwells;
 Beneath whose Navel barketh many a Hound,
 Whose ravenous gulf, like throats, Ship and Men
 The valiant *Agamemnon* that by Land. (drown'd.
 Fled the great God of war and did withstand
Neptune by Sea, behold alas he dies
 By 's jealous wife a woful Sacrifice;
 Who pities not the bright *Creuza's* flame,
 Wishing their salt tears might have quencht the same:
 Who could but weep to see young Children slain,
 Whil'st their warm bloods their Mothers Garments
 Why *Phineus* put'st thou out the striplings eyes? (stain?
 That punishment thy own face shall disguise.
 The greatest mischief womens lusts engender;
 Some of their hearts be cruel, though most be tender.
 Womens desires are burning, some contagious;
 Mens are more temperate far, and less outrageous:
 Then in my Art proceed, nor doubt to enjoy
 And win all women, be they ne're so coy.
 Use them by my directions, being learn'd by me,
 Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:
 Yet love they to be urg'd by some constraint,
 As well in things which they deny as grant:
 But take thou no repulse; is't not a treasure
 To enjoy new delights and taste fresh pleasure
 Variety of sweets are welcome still,
 And acceptabest to a womans will:
 They think that Corn best in anothers field,
 Their Neighbours goat the sweetest milk doth yield.

But

But first ere siege be to thy Mistriss laid,
 Practise to come acquainted with her Maid :
 She can prepare the way, seek thy redress,
 And by her means thou maist have sweet access.
 To her familiar ear your counsel show,
 And all your private pleasures let her know :
 Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward,
 With her that's easie which to thee seems hard.
 She can choose times, so times Physitians keep,
 When in thy mistriss arms thou safe maist sleep ;
 And that must be when she is apt to yield,
 What time the ripe Corn swells within the field.
 When banisht sorrows from her heart remove,
 And give mirth place, she lies broad wake to love.
 Whild *Troy* was pensive, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,
 But then betraid when they securely slept :
 Yet sometimes prove her, when thou find'st her sad,
 Mourning her own wrong with some usage bad.
 Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,
 Shee'l grace thee to revenge her former wrong.
 Her mind may the industrious Maid prepare,
 And softly whisper, yet that she may hear,
 Such wrongs no woman that hath spirit can bear :
 So she proceeds to thee, lifts thy praises high,
 Swears for her chaste love thou art bent to dye,
 And there step in, and doubt not to prevail,
 Yet ere her furious anger hath struck sail,
 Rage in that Sea delay consumes and dyes,
 Like Ice against the Sun : no grace despise
 That from the Hand-maid comes ; with all my power
 Seek by convenient means her to deflower.
 She is industrious and made apt for sport,
 And by her Office limits your resort.

e, if her own counsel may be closely kept,
 er Ladies due would gladly intercept.
 ll is hap hazard, though it be with pain,
 y counsel is from these things to abstain.
 will not head-long over Mountains tread,
 or following me shall any be misled ;
 at of the Maid by whom thou send'st thy Letter,
 ith her care please thee well, with her face better.
 egin not therefore with the Maid to toy,
 y Mistress love and favour first enjoy.
 e thing beware, if thou wilt credit Arr,
 or let my words amongst the winds depart :
 thou hast mov'd her once, take no denial,
 solve to act, or never to make tryal.
 om fear and blame thou art secure and free,
 soon as she partakes the crime with thee.
 ou see the Bird that to the morning sings,
 cannot soar high when she hath lim'd her wings.
 or can the savage Boar with bristled back
 eak through those toyls, his struggling has made slack.
 he fish that glides along the silver brook,
 quickly drawn, being wounded with the hook.
 o having once but tri'd her, make her yield,
 nd never part, but conquer, from the field;
 he fault being mutual, knowing how she fell,
 he bashful Girl will be ashamed to tell.
 ut she can shew thee in familiar phrase,
 oth what thy vertuous Mistress does and says.
 lways be secret, if your guilt appear,
 will in thy Lady breed perpetual fear.
 e is deceiv'd that thinks all times avail
 or Swains to turn the earth, Sea-men to sayl :
 ll seasons are not kind when men should sow,
 times must be pickt, to have your grain well grow.

Nor

Nor always is the surging Ocean fit,
 That the well-fraughted ship may sail in it:
 Nor is it always time fair Girls to wooe;
 Sometimes abstain, so doth thy Master do,
 Omit her Birth day, and those Kalends miss,
 When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstain to kiss
 At some forbidden season being deckt
 With princely *tire, use her with great respect.
 In the cold Winter, when the *Pleiades* reign,
 From the sweet work of *Venus* most abstain:
 Forbear the like resort amongst thy wenches,
 When *Capricorn* the troubled Ocean drenches.
 Thou shalt begin even in that very day,
 When woful and lamenting *Allia*
 Looks on the Tragick Earth made grimson red
 With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled;
 Or in the seventh day Feast that's held divine,
 And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
 Thy Ladies Birth-day Ceremonies make,
 And superstitiously all works forsake;
 Above all days let that a black day be,
 When thou giv'st ought, or she doth beg of thee.
 You shall have some into your Bosomes creep,
 Who jestingly will snatch things they will keep,
 And by some slight and pretty wanton suite,
 To enrich themselves will leave thee destitute.
 First when the Linnen-Draper brings his wares,
 And lays his pack wide open, at the Fairs,
 She will peruse them as thou stand'st by her nigh,
 The whilest the Draper asks what will you buy?
 Straight will she crave thy judgement in the Law,
 Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawn:
 Then will she kiss thee, pray thee she may say,
 Thus by her flattery thou art won to buy it.

Canst thou deny the wanton? she will swear,
 This gift will serve her use for many a year;
 It is now cheap, she hath great need of this;
 And every word she mingles with a kiss.
 Hast thou no Coyn about thee? thou shalt send
 To intreat it by a Letter from thy Friend.
 What must I needs present her with this casket,
 Because that on her Birth-day she doth ask it?
 Then every day she wants, she will be sworn,
 That on that very same day she was born.
 Or when I see her how she sadly weeps,
 And feigning some false loss much seeking keeps,
 As if she had let fall some precious thing,
 A jewel from her ear, her hand a Ring;
 What's that to me? or if I hear her pray
 To borrow this or that until some day?
 What's lent is lost, and to be found no more;
 Women things borrowed never will restore.
 Ten Tongues, as many Mouths cannot impart
 Half the sights used in the Trumpet's art.
 Make love with letters and thy Mony save,
 And let them Wax, and Ink and Paper have;
 Keep what thou hast, for words good words are tender;
 For flattery like falsehood ever tender.
 Fair words are cheap, what more thou giv'st is lost;
 Flatter, speak fair, 'tis done with little cost.
 Old Priam by interetty Hector won,
 Which else Achilles never would have done.
 Force is but weak, interetty hath her odds;
 So we intreat, but not enforce the Gods.
 A promise is a charm to make Boobs fat,
 Be full of them, promise no matter what.
 A promise is a meer instanting witch,
 By promises 'tis an easy manner to be rich.

Dato
 dona
 scut
 dat
 mella
 geni-
 fia.

The

The hope of gain will keep thy credit free,
 Hope is a Goddes false, yet true to thee.
 Give her, and straight she'll leave thee with disdain,
 She expects no more, what's past she counteth gain.
 Be always giving, but your gift still keep,
 And thy delays in words well framed steep.
 So hath the barren field deceiv'd the Swain :
 So doth the Gamester lose in hopes to gain.
 Love that on even hands grows, is most pure,
 That which comes *gratis* longest doth endure.
 Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her,
 A Letter breaks the Ice of any Suitor :
 A Letter in an apple writ and sent,
 Won fair *Cydippe* to her Lovers bent.
 Your *Roman* Youths all other toys resign,
 Learn the liberal Arts and Muses nine :
 Not only as an Orator to declaim
 Before the judge and Senate ; for the same,
 When thou the Ladies fair shalt come among,
 Will speed, and they will all applaud thy tongue.
 But speak not by the Book, it breeds offence,
 To court in strange and fustian eloquence :
 None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
 Or in his speech use an inforced phrase.
 Who but a Mad man else will with Orations,
 Pleas to his love and woove in Declamations ?
 Use a smooth Language, and accustomed Speech,
 And with no straining discourse love beseech,
 As if thou cam'st to speak a studied part,
 But as immediately sent from the heart.
 If she reject thy lines, and scorn to read them,
 But casting them away, on the ground tread them :
 Despair not though, but that she may in time,
 And will with judging eyes peruse thy rime.

In time the stubborn Heifers draw the wain,
 In time the wildest Steeds do brook the Rain:
 Time frets hard Iron, in time the Ploughshare's worn,
 Yet the ground's soft by which the steel is torn.
 What's harder than a stone, or what more soft
 Than water is? and yet by dropping oft
 The gentle rain will eat into the flints,
 And in their hard sides leaves impressivè dints.
 Do but persist the suite thou hast begun,
 In time will chaste *Penelope* be won.
 Long was it ere the City *Troy* was ta'ne:
 Yet was it burnt at length, and *Priam* slain.
 Hath she perused the scroule thou didst indite,
 And will she not as yet an answer write?
 Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
 That she hath read it, and thy love doth see.
 Fear not, if once she read what thou hast writ,
 She will vouchsafe in time to answer it.
 At first perhaps her letter will be sower,
 And on thy hopes her paper seem to lower,
 In which she will conjure thee to be mute,
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated suite;
 Tush, what she most forwarns, she most desires,
 In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.
 Only pursue to reap what thou hast sown,
 A million to a mite she is thy own.
 If thou by chance hast found her in some place,
 Down on her back and upwards with her face,
 Occasion smiles upon thee, thank thy fate,
 Steal to her bedside with a thievish gate:
 And having won, unto her wisely bear thee,
 With watchful care that no Eave-droper hear thee.
 Or if she walk abroad, without delay
 Be thou a quick spie to observe her way.

B.

Keep

when
 thou
 meet-
 est her
 a-
 broad

when
thou
find-
est her
in the
Thea-
ter.

Keep in her eye, and cross her in the street,
Here overtake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behind her, then out-strip her pace;
And now before her, and now after trace:
Now fast, now slow, and ever move some stay,
That she may find thee still first in her way;
Nor be afraid if thou occasion spy,
To jog her elbow as thou passest by:
Or if thou happenest to behold from far,
Thy Mistris crossing o're the Theater;
Hie to the place, being there look round about thee,
And in no fear let her be found without thee:
No matter though the Play thou do not mind,
Thou sights enough within her face shalt find;
There stand and gaze, there wonder, there admire
There speaking looks may whisper thy desire,
Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discover
In any strain a true well-acted Lover,
Make him thy instance, court her by all skill;
If she rise, rise; if she sit, sit thee still:
Laugh when she smiles, be pensive when she lowr's,
And in her looks and gestures lose thy hours.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not wear,
Use not hot Irons to crisp and curl thy hair;
No spruce starcht fashions should on Lovers wait,
Men best become a meer neglected gate.
Blunt *Theseus* came with no perfumes to *Crete*,
And yet great *Minos* Daughter thought him sweet;
Phædra did love *Hippolytus*, yet he
Had on his back no Courtly bravery.
Adonis like a wood-man still was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the lovely Lad.
Go neat and handsome, comeliness best pleases,
And the desire of women soonest raises.

Use

Use a meet gate, thy garments without stain,
 Keep not thy face from weather nor from rain.
 Thy tongue have without roughness, thy teeth clear
 And white, and let no rust inhabit there.
 Wear thy shooes close and fit, and not too wide;
 Cut thy hair compass even on either side :
 Let no disordered hairs here and there stand,
 But have thy Beard trimm'd with a skilful hand.
 Make blunt thy nails, pare them and keep them low,
 Let no stiff hairs within thy Nostrils grow :
 Keep thy breath sweet and fresh, lest rank it smell,
 Such is the air where bearded Goats do dwell.
 All other loose tricks and effeminate toys,
 Leave thou to wanton Girles and juggling Boyes.
 Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
 He favours Lovers and those amorous flames
 In which he hath been scorcht. It so fell out,
 Mad *Ariadne* straid the Isle about;
 Being left alone within that desert plain,
 Where the brook *Dia* pours into the main :
 Who waking from her rest, her vail unbound,
 Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
 Her golden hair dissolved, aloud she raves,
 Calling on *Theseus* to the diffus'd waves,
 Oh *Theseus*, cruel *Theseus*, whom she seeks,
 Whil'st showers of tears make furrows in her cheeks.
 She calls and weeps, and weeps and calls at once,
 Which might to ruth move e'en the senseless stones.
 Yet both alike became her, they both grac'd her,
 The whil'st she strives to call him, or weep faster.
 Then beats she her soft breast, and makes it groan,
 And then she cries, What is false *Theseus* gone ?
 What shall I do ? she cries, what shall I do ?
 And with that note she runs the Forest through.

The
 tale of
 These-
 us and
 Ari-
 adne.

When suddenly her ears might understand,
 Cymbals and Timbrels toucht with a loud hand :
 To which the Forrest, Woods and Caves resound.
 And now amaz'd she senseless falls to ground.
 Behold the *Nymphs* come with their scattered hair
 Falling behind, which they like garments wear,
 And the light *Satyrs*, and untoward crew,
 Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
 Then old *Silenus* on his lazie Ass
 Nods with his drunken pate, about to pass
 Where the poor Lady, all in tears lies drown'd,
 Scarce sits the Drunkard, but he falls to ground,
 Scarce holds the Bridle fast, but staggering stoops,
 Following those giddy *Bacchanalian* troops,
 Who dance the wild *Lavalto* on the Grass,
 Whilst with a staff he lays upon his Ass.
 At length when the young *Satyrs* least suspect,
 He tumbling falls quite from his Asses neck,
 But up they heave him, whilst each *Satyr* cries,
 Rise good old Father, good old Father rise.
 Now comes the God himself, next after him,
 His vine-like Chariot driven with *Tygers* grim :
 Colour and voice, and *Theseus* she doth lack :
 There would she flye, and there fear pul'd her back ;
 She trembles like a stalk the winde doth shake,
 Or a weak Reed that grows besides the lake.
 To whom the God spake, Lady take good chear,
 See one more faithfull than false *Theseus* here.
 Thou shalt be wife to *Bacchus*, for a gift
 Receive high Heaven, and to the sphears be list,
 Where thou shalt shine a Star to guide by night
 The wandring Seaman in his course aright :
 This said, lest that his *Tygres* should affray
 The trembling Maid, the God his coach doth stay,
 And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heels
 He prints the sand, with that the *Nymph* he feels:
 And hugging her, in vain she doth resist.
 He bears her thence, Gods can do what they list.
 Some *Hymen* sing, and *Io* some do cry,
 So *Bacchus* with the Maid that night doth lye:
 Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
 And thou that night unto thy love dost owe:
 Pray to the God of grapes, that in thy bed
 The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
 In wine much hidden talk thou maist invent,
 To give thy Lady note of thy intent:
 To tell her thou art hers and she is thine,
 Thus even at board make love tricks in the wine.
 Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
 How with thy speaking eye to move thy sute:
 Good language may be made in looks and winks,
 Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks.
 And note the very place her lip did touch,
 Drink just at that, let thy regard be such:
 Or when she carves, what part of all the meat
 She with her finger touch, that cut and eat:
 Or if thou carve to her, or she to thee,
 Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
 Be with her Friend Familiar, and be sure,
 It much avails to make thy love endure:
 When thou drink st, drink to him above the rest,
 Grace him, and make thy self a thankful guest.
 In every thing prefer him to his face
 Though in his function he be ne'r so base.
 The course is safe and doth secureness lend,
 For who suspectless may not greet his Friend?
 Yet though the path thou treadst seem straight and
 In some things it is full of rubs again.

*Love
 tricks
 used
 in
 eating
 and
 drink
 ing.*

Drink sparingly, for my impose is such,
And in your singling him take not too much :

Car- rouse Carouse not but with soft and moderate sups,
Have a regard and measure in your cups.

not too much. Let both the feet and thoughts their office know.

Chiefly beware of brawling, which may grow
By too much wine ; from fighting most abstain,
In such a quarrel was *Eurytidon* slain. (after :

Where Swaggering leads the way, Mischiefe comes
Junkets and Wine were made for mirth and laughter.

Sing. Sing, if thy voice be delicate and sweet,

Dance. If thou canst dance, then mimbly shake thy feet.

If thou hast in thee ought that's more than common,
Shew it ; such gifts as these most please a woman.

Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the brain,
Yet now and then I hold it good to fain.

Instruct thy lisp'ing tongue sometimes to trip,

That if a word misplac'd do pass thy lip,

At which the carping presence find some clause,

It may be judg'd that quaffing was the cause.

Then boldly say, how happy were that man,

That could enfold thee in his arms ? and than

Wish to embrace her in her sweet-hearts stead,

Whom in her ear thou ravest to see dead.

But when the Tables drawn, and she among

The full crew rising, thrust into the throng,

And touch her softly as she forth doth go,

And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.

Now is the time to speak, be not afraid,

Him that is bold both love and fortune aid.

Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick, true love show,

Good words unwares upon thy tongue will flow.

Make as thy tongue could wound thy soul with grief,

And use what art thou canst to win relief.

All

All women of themselves self-loved are,
 The foulest in their own conceits are fair :
 Praise them, they will believe thee : I have known
 A meer dissembler a true lover grown,
 Proving in earnest what he fain'd in sport.
 Then, oh you Maids, use men in gentle sort :
 Be affable, and kind, and scorn to chew,
 Love forg'd at first may at the last prove true.
 Let fair words work into their hearts, as brooks
 Into a hollow bank that overlooks
 The margin of the water : praise her cheeks,
 The colour of her hair commend and like,
 Her slender finger and her pretty foot,
 Her body and each part that 'longs unto't :
 And women, as you hope my stile shall raise you,
 I charge you to believe men when they praise you;
 For praises please; the chasteest Maids delight
 To hear their Lovers in their praise to write.
Juno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrygian* soyl,
 Where *Paris* to their beauties gave the soyl.
 Even yet they envy *Venus*, and still dare her
 To come to a new judgement which is fairer.
 The Peacock being praised spreads his train,
 Be silent and he hides his wealth again.
 Horses trapt richly praise them in their race,
 They will curvet and proudly mend their pace.
 Large promises in love I much allow,
 Nay call the Gods as witness to thy vow :
 For *Jove* himself sits in the azure skies,
 And laughs below at Lovers perjuries,
 Commanding *Aeolus* to disperse them quite ;
 Even *Jove* himself hath falsly sworn, some write,
 By *Styx* to *Juno*, and since then doth show
 Favours to us that falsly swear below.

Gods surely be Gods, we must think they are;
 To them burn Incense and due rites prepare:
 Nor do they sleep as many think they do.
 Lead harmless lives, pay debts and forfeits too,
 Keep covenant with thy friend and banish fraud,
 Kill not, and such a man the Gods applaud.
 Say women none deceive, the Gods have spoken,
 There is no pain impos'd on faith so broken.
 Deceive the sly Deceiver: they find snares,
 To catch poor harmless Lovers unawares.
 Lay the like trains for them. Nine years some fain
 In Egypt there did fall no drop of Rain,
 When *Thraſius* to the grim *Busiris* goes,
 And from the Oracle this answer shows:
 That *Jove* must be appeas'd with strangers blood,
 The said *Busiris* kill'd him where he stood:
 And said withal, thou stranger, first art slain,
 To appease the Gods and bring great Egypt rain.
 In *Phalaris* Bull, King *Phalaris* first laid
 The same work-master that the Engine made:
 Both Kings were just, death deaths Inventers try,
 And justly in their own inventions die.
 So should false oaths, by right false oaths beguile,
 And a deceitful girl be caught by wile:
 Then teach thy eyes to weep, tears perswade truth;
 And move obdurate Adamant to rush.
 At such special times that passing by
 She may perceive a tear stand in thy eye.
 Or if tears fail, as still thou canst not get them,
 With thy moist finger rub thy eyes and wet them.
 Who but a fool that cannot judge of blisses,
 But when he speaks will with his words mix kisses?
 Say she be coy and will give none at all,
 Take them ungiven, perhaps at first shee'l brawle,
 Strive

Strive and resist thee all the ways she can,
 And say withal Away you naughty man.
 Yet will she fight like one would lose the field,
 And striving gladly be constrain'd to yield :
 Be not so boisterous, do not speak too high :
 Lest by rude hurting of her lips she cry.
 He that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,
 And gets not all things that to love belong ;
 I count him for a Meacock and a sor,
 Worthy to lose the kisses that he got.
 What more than kissing wanted of the game,
 Was thy meer dastardy, not bashful shame :
 They term it force, such force comes welcome still,
 What pleaseth them they grant against their will.
Phæbe the fair was fore'd, so was her sister,
 Yet *Phæbe* in her heart thank'd him that kist her.
 There was a tale well known how *Hecubs* son,
 To steal fair *Hellen* through the stream did run,
Venus who by his censure won in *Idæ*,
 Gave to him in requital this fair Bride :
 Now for another world doth sail with joy,
 A welcome Daughter to the King of *Troy* :
 The whilest the *Grecians* are already come,
 Mov'd with his publick wrong against *Ilium* :
Achilles in a smock his Sex doth smother,
 And lays the blame upon his careful Mother.
 What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
 When *Pallas* in a cask should hide thy skull !
 What doth that palme with webs and threds of Gold
 Which are more fit a warlike shield to hold ?
 Why should that right hand rock and twig contain,
 By which the *Trojan Hector* must be slain ?
 Cast off these loose vails and thy Armour take,
 And in thy hand the spear of *Peleus* shake.

Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
 Till what he was her belly did bewray :
 Yet was she forc'd ; so ought we to believe,
 Not to be so inforc't how would she grieve?
 When he should rise from her, still would she cry,
 For he had arm'd him and his rock laid by,
 And with a soft voice spake, *Achille* stay,
 It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray :
 And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss,
 What force *Deidamia* call you this ?
 There is a kind of fear in the first proffer,
 But having once begun she takes the offer.
 Trust not too much young man to thy fair face,
 Nor look a woman should intreat thy grace.
 First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
 Be forward in her ear to sue and pray.
 If thou wilt reap fruits of thy loves effects,
 Only begin, 'tis all that she expects.
 So in the ancient times *Olympian Jove*
 Made unto *Heroes* suite and won their love :
 But if thy words breed scorn, a while forbear,
 For many, what most flies them, hold most dear ;
 And what they may have proffer'd, flie and shun :
 By soft retreat great 'vantage may be won.
 In person of a woer come not still,
 But sometimes as a Friend in meer good will :
 Thou cam'st ner Friend, but shalt return her love.
 A white soft hew my judgement doth disprove,
 Give me a face whose colour knows no art,
 Which the Green Sea hath tan'd, the Sun made swart:
 Beauty is meer uncomely in a Clown,
 That under the hot Planets ploughs the ground.
 And thee, that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeem,
 To have a white face, it would ill beseem.

Let

Let him that loves, look pale; for I protest,
 That colour in a Lover still shews best.
Orion wandring in the woods lookt sickly,
Daphne being once in love lost colour quickly.
 Thy leannels argues love; seem sparely fed,
 And sometimes wear a Night-cap on thy head.
 For griefs and cares that in afflictions grow,
 Weaken a lovers Spirits and bring him low.
 Look miserably poor; it much behoves,
 That all that see you, may say, yon man loves,
 Shall I proceed or stay, move or dissuade?
 Friendship and Faith of no account are made.
 Love mingles right with wrong, friendship despises,
 And the world Faith holds vain, and slightly prises.
 Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend
 To thy Companion or thy trusty Friend:
 Lest of thy praise enamoured it may breed
 Like love in them with passions that exceed.
 Yet was the Nuptial bed of great *Achilles*,
 Unstain'd by his dear friend *Actorides*:
 The wife of *Theseus* though she went astray,
 Was chaste as much as in *Pirithous* lay.
Phæbus and *Pallas*, *Hermione*, *Pylades*:
 And the two twins we call *Tantarides*,
 Tend to the like; but he that in these days,
 For the like trust acquires the self same praise,
 He may aswell from weeds seek sweet Rose buds,
 Apples of Thorn Trees, Honey from the floods:
 Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,
 Pleasures are each mans God, Faith they excell:
 And that stoln pleasure is respected chief,
 Which falls to one man by anothers grief:
 O mischief! you young Lovers, fear not those,
 That are your open and professed foes,

Look
pale

Lean

Sick

Sus-
spect
thy
friend
in
love

Suspect

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things just,
Yet in thy love he will deceive thy trust.

Friends breed true fears, in love the presence hate
Of thy near kinsman, brother, and sworn mate.

I was about to end, but lo I see,
How many humorous thoughts in women be.

But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,
A thousand humours woe a thousand ways:

One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,
This is for Vines, here Corn, there Olives spring.

More than be several shapes beneath the skies,
Have women gestures, thoughts, and fantasies.

He that is apt will in himself devise
Innumerable shapes of fit disguise,

To shift and change like *Proteus*, whom we see,
A Lyon first, a Bore, and then a Tree.

Some fishes strangely by a Dart are took,
These by a Net, and others by a Hook:

All ages not alike entrapped are,
The crooked old wife sees the train from far.

Appear not learned unto one that's rude,
Nor loose to one with chastity indu'd:

Should you so do, alas the pretty Elves,
Would in the want of Art distrust themselves.

Hence comes it, their best fortunes some refuse
And the base bed of an inferiour chuse:

Part of my toyls remains, and part is past,
Here doth my shaken ship her Anchor cast.

F I N I S.

THE SECOND
BOOK.

Sing *Io Pueran*, twice twice *Io* say,
 My toyls are picht, and I have caught my prey.
 Let the glad Lover crown my head with bayes
 And before old blind *Homer Ovid* praise,
 So did King *Priams* son exulting skip,
 With the fair ravish'd *Hellen* in his ship:
 So did he sing that in his chariot run,
 And victor like the bright *At'lanta* won.
 Whether away young man thy Bark is lost,
 Or in the mid-Sea far from any coast:
 'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
 To find a Lady that commands thy heart,
 The reach of my invention is much deeper,
 By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keep her,
 As difficult it is by art to bind her
 To thy desires, as at the first to find her.
 This consists the substance of my skill,
Apollo and *Venus* both assist me still.
 And gracious *Erato* my stile prepare,
 Thou art the Muse that hast of Lovers care,
 Promise wondrous things, I will explain,
 How fickle thoughts in love may firm remain,
 And

The
tale of
Da-
dalus
& his
Son
Icarus

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That strays and wanders round about the world :
Yet is love light and hath two wings to fly :
'Tis hard to outstrive him mounting the skie.
What *Minos* to his guest always denied,
A desperate passage through the air he tried :
As *Dædalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to shut the Queen *Pasiphaes* guilt,
Kneeling he says, Just *Minos* end my moans,
And let my Native Country shroud my bones.
Grant me great King, what yet the fates deny,
And where I have not liv'd oh ! let me die :
Or if dread Sovereign I deserve no grace,
Look with a pitious eye on my child's face :
And grant him leave from whence we are exil'd,
Or pity me, if thou deny my child.
• This and much more he says, but all in vain :
Both son and sire still doth the King detain.
Which he perceiving, said, Now now 'tis fit,
To give the world cause to admire thy wit :
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor Land nor Sea lies open to our flight :
Only the Air remains, then let us try
To cut a passage through the Air and flie :
Jove be auspicious to my enterprise,
I covet not to mount above the skies,
But make this refuge, since I can prepare
No means to flee my Lord, but through the Air :
Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black *Stygian* waters, *Styx* I'll swim.
O humane wit, thou canst invent much ill,
Thou searchest strange Arts: who would think by skill
A heavy man like a light Bird should fly,
And through the empty Heavens find a fit way ?

He

He placeth in just order all his quills,
 Whose bottoms with dissolved wax he fills.
 Then binds them with a line, and being fast tide,
 He placeth them like Oars, on either side.
 The little Lad the downie feathers blew,
 And what his Father wrought he nothing knew :
 The wax he softned, with the strings he plaid,
 Not thinking for his Shoulders they were made :
 To whom his Father spake, and then lookt pale,
 With these swift ships we to our Land must sail.
 All passage now doth cruel *Minos* stop,
 Only the empty air he still leaves ope :
 That way must we, the Land and the rough deep
 Doth *Minos* stop, the air he cannot keep.
 But in the way beware thou set no eye,
 On the sign *Virgo* nor *Bootes* high :
 Look not the black *Orion* in the face,
 That bears a Sword, but just with me keep pace.
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,
 I will before thee flie ; as thou shalt see
 Thy Father mount or stoop, so I arreed thee,
 Take me thy guide and safely I will lead thee.
 If we should soar too near great *Phæbus* seat,
 The melting wax will not endure the heat ;
 Or if we flie too near the humid seas,
 Our moistned wings we shall not shake with ease.
 Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,
 Let thy light body sail amidst the skies.
 And ever as his little son he charms,
 He fits the Feathers to his tender arms,
 And shews him how to move his body light,
 As birds do teach the little young ones flight :
 By this he calls a Council of his wits,
 And his own wings unto his shoulders fits.

Being

Being about to rise he fearful quakes,
 And in his new way his faint body shakes:
 But ere he took his flight he kist his son,
 Whilst floods of tears down by his cheeks did run.
 There was a hillock not so high and tall
 As lofty Mountains be, nor yet so small
 To be with vallies even, and yet a hill,
 From this they both attempt their uncouth skill:
 The Father moves his wings, and with respect
 His eyes upon his wandring son reflect.
 They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,
 Fearless of harms in this new tract doth joy,
 And flies more boldly: now upon them looks,
 The fisher-men that angle in the Brooks,
 And with their eyes cast upward frighted stand.
 By this is *Samos* Isle on their left hand:
 With *Naxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,
 Fearless they take the course that likes them best.
 Upon the right-hand *Enrithos* they forsake,
 Now *Astpelen* with my fishie lake,
 Shady *Pachinne* full of woods and groves:
 When the rash boy too bold in vent'ring roves,
 Loses his guide, and takes his flight so high,
 That the soft wax against the Sun doth fry,
 And the cords break that made the feathers fast,
 So that his arms have power upon no blast:
 He fearfully from the high clouds looks down,
 Upon the lower Heavens, whose curld waves frown
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
 He sees black night and death before his eyes;
 Now melts the wax, his naked arm he shakes,
 And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes,
 But now the naked Lad down headlong falls,
 And by the way he Father, Father calls:

Help

Help Father, help he cries, and as he speaks,
 A violent wave his course of language breaks,
 The unhappy father, but no father now,
 Cries out aloud, son *Icarus* where art thou :
 Where art thou *Icarus* ? where dost thou flie :
Icarus where art thou ? When straight he doth espie,
 The feathers swim, thus loud he doth exclaim,
 The earth his bones, the sea still keep his name,
Dinos could not restrain a man from flight,
 But winged *Cupid* be he nere so light.
 He gulls himself that seeks to witches craft,
 Or with a young *Colts* forehead make a draft.
 No power in wise *Medeus* potions dwells,
 Nor drowned poisons mixt with Magick spells.
 The power of love is not inforc'd by these,
 Nor were it so, then had *Ersonides*
 Been stayd by *Phasius*, and *Ulysses* kept,
 Who stole from *Circe*, while the Inchantress slept.
 These charmed drugs move madness, hurt the brain :
 To gain pure love, pure love return again.
 Mischievous thoughts eschew to purchase grace,
 Manners prevails more than a beauteous face.
 And yet the *Nymphs* the love of *Nilus* seek,
 And *Homer* doats on *Nieureus* the fair Greek,
 But trust not thou the beauty to keep kind,
 Thy Mistriss seeks the beauty of thy mind.
 All outward beauty fades as years encrease,
 Even so it wears away and waxeth less.
 Beauty in her own course is overtaken,
 The Violet now fresh is, straight forsaken.
 For always do the Lillies of the field,
 The glorious beauties of their object yield.
 The fragrant Rose once pluckt, the briery Thorn
 Remains rough and naked, on which the Rose was born.

*use in
Char-
mes.*

*No
Ma-
gick
poti-
ons.*

*use
man-
ners.*

Oh

Oh thou most fair, white hairs come on apace,
 And wrinkled furrows which will plough thy face:
 Instruct thy soul, thy thoughts have perfect made,
 These beauties last till death, all others fade.
 To liberal Arts thy careful howers apply,
 Learn many tongues with their true Euphony :
Ulysses was not fair but eloquent,
 Yet to his Love the Sea *Nymphes* did consent.
 How often did the Witch his stay implore,
 Making the Seas unfit for Sayle or Oar ?
 She pray'd him oft, because he spake so well,
 Over and over *Troyes* sad fate to tell.
 Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,
 Recites the self same story divers ways :
Calypso, as they on the Sea bank stood,
 Casting their eyes upon the Neighbouring flood,
 Desires the fall and bloody acts to hear,
 Wrought by the *Odrysian* Captains sword and spear.
 Then holding 'twixt his fingers a white wand,
 What she requests he draws upon the sand.
 Here's *Troy*, quoth he, and then the walls he paints,
 Think *Simois* this image, these my tents ;
 There was the place in which *Dolon* was slain,
 About the Vigil watch, when with the rein
 The *Hemonian* Horses play, and as he speaks,
 To counterfeit that place the sand he breaks.
 Here's *Scythian Rhesus* tents are pitcht on high,
 This way his Horsemen slain, returned I.
 More did he draw, when on the sudden lo,
 A sweeping wave the shore doth overflow.
 And as her drops amidst his works doth fall,
 It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all :
 To which the Goddess ; Dares *Ulysses* try
 These senseless violent waves that climb so high :

And wilt thou with these waters be annoy'd,
 By which so great names are so soon destroyed?
 Then trust no idle shape, it will decay,
 Seek inward beauty, such as lasts for aye.
 Sweet affability will enter far
 Into a womans breast, when scorn breeds war.
 We hate the Hawke and loath her flesh to eat,
 Because by rapine she doth get her meat.
 The wolf we hunt, and envy all her stock,
 Because the Lamb she kills, and spoils the flock:
 But none the gentle Swallow lays to catch,
 The loving Storks within our turrets hatch.
 Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
 Love with kind language and fair speeches speeds.
 Strife makes the married couple often jar:
 The man with wife, the wife with man to war:
 Leave brauls to wives, they are their marriage dower.
 Let thy sweet-heart hear nothing that is sower.
 When by appointment you shall meet in bed,
 And by Laws tye you are not thither led:
 Strict Statutes from such actions still withdraw,
 Let your abounding love supply the law:
 Bring loving speeches to enchant the ear,
 And moving words such as she joyes to hear.
 I am not Tutor unto him that's rich,
 My precepts soar not to so high a pitch.
 The Lover that's endow'd with Gold or fee,
 And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
 He that at every word can, Take, supply,
 Hath in that very word more wit than I:
 We yield to him: he that their laps can fill,
 Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
 My Muse instructs poor Lovers wanting self,
 For when I lov'd I was but poor my self.

*Be af-
fable.*

*Shun
strife.*

*Be lo-
ving.*

Still

Be pa-
tient.

Still as my purse no store of crowns affords;
 I in the stead of rich gifts give fair words:
 Be fearful you poor lovers to displease,
 Be patient to endure things against your ease.
 Things that the rich would scorn : it was my hap
 Once as my head lay in my Mistriss lap,
 To grow inrag'd, then straight I fell to beat her,
 To rouse her ordered Locks and ill intreat her.
 But what ensued? oh God, much grief it cost me,
 Many sweet days, many sweet nights it lost me.
 Whether I touch her cloaths, I might deny,
 She says I tore them, I some new must buy :
 You Scholars by your Masters harms beware,
 These ills by him already proved are.
 Make against the *Parthians* war, but to thy love
 Bring concord, peace, and all things that can move:
 Though at the first you find her but untoward,
 Bear it, and she in time will prove less froward.
 The crooked arm that from the tree is cut
 By gentle usage is made straight, but put
 Such violence to it as thy strength delivers,
 And thou wilt break the short wood into shivers.
 By industry thou maist o're swim a flood,
 Whose raging current else is scarce withstood.
 By industry the *Tigers* gently grow :
 And the wild Lyons may be tamed so.
 The savage Bulls whose fierce ire doth provoke,
 By industry are brought unto the yoke :
Arcadian Atalanta was most cruel,
 At length came one whom she esteem'd her Jewel.
 Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his mishap,
 And her severity, who sought to intrap
 Her harmless Lovers, oft at her fierce beck,
 He laid betwixt his shoulders and her neck

The toyls for Savage Beasts : and with his spear,
 He pierc'd such untam'd Cattle as came near :
 To such hard tasks I do not thee compel
 To arm thy body against Monsters fell.

In the wilde wilderness to seek out broyls,
 Nor on thy neck to bear the guileful toyles,
 My imposition is not so severe :

No such adventures are enjoyned here.

This only means all dangers will disperse :

Yield her her humour when she grow perverse :

When she in conference argues, argue thou,

What she approves, in self-same words allow,

say what she says, deny what she denies,

If she laugh, laugh, if she weep wet thine eyes,

and let her count'nance be to thine a law,

To keep thy actions and thy looks in awe :

or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice,

at tables or at chess, by some device

let her depart a Conquerour, else 'twere sin,

What gladly thou wouldst lose, that let her win.

let thy officious hand then bear her fan. (man

When thou shalt chance her through the streets to

take thy supporting arm to hers a stay,

through throngs and presses usher her the way.

as she ascends her bed, set her a stair,

by which to climb, and every thing prepare :

that she may see them done without offence ;

reach thou her pantofles or take them thence.

and standing by to watch her while she rests,

Warm thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts.

or think it base, 'twill please though it be base,

to hold the glass unto thy Mistriss face.

that deserv'd within those Heavens to tarry,

Which he before upon his back did carry,

Performing

*Hu-
mour
her.*

*Lose
to her
at
game.*

*Bear
her
fan.*

*Her-
cules.*

Performing more than *Juno* could command him,
 So strong that no fierce Monster could withstand him
 Even he *Alcides*, loles Grace to win,
 Shap't like a woman did both card and spin.
 Go thou, and in his servile place proceed,
 And gain as fair a Mistress for thy meed.
 Art thou enjoyn'd at such an hour to be
 In the great *Forum* where she waits for thee ?
 Hasten thy weary steps, and thank thy fate,
 Come there betimes, depart not thence till late.
 Bids she thee go ? all business lay apart,
 Run, till with extream heat thou melt thy heart.
 Sups she abroad ? and wants she one to attend her
 Back to her lodging ? it will not offend her
 To wait her at the same place in the porch,
 And light her home directly with a torch.
 Is she in the Countrey and commands thee come ?
 Hast thou no Coach ? upon thy ten toes run.
 Let neither winter blast nor storms of hail,
 Nor the hot thirsty dogstar let thee fail :
 Shun neither heat nor cold, but see thou go,
 Though every step thou treadst knee deep in Snow
 Love is a kind of war, all such depart,
 As bear a timorous or a slothful heart.
 Nights, winters, long ways, watchings, grief in millions
 Torment loves Souldiers in their soft pavilions :
 On cold ground thou must lie, bear many a shower
 When the Heavens open and the floodgates pour.
 So *Phæbus* when *Admetus* sheep he kept,
 In a thatcht Cottage on the cold floor slept,
 What *Phæbus* did, whom may it not beseem ?
 Better than *Phæbus* of himself esteem
 What mortal Lover dare ? then sloth despise,
 You that confirm'd and lasting love devise.

at the outward gates a watch stand centry;
 Or say the bloks or locks deny thee entry,
 Search some strange passage, through a Casement crall;
 Or by a Cord down from the Chimney fall.
 Thee in her loving arms she straight will take,
 Rejoycing thou wouldst hazard for her sake.
 Every vain fear and danger thou dost prove,
 Is a sure pledge and token of thy love.
 If had *Leander* without *Hero* slept,
 To find his love into the Sea he leapt.
 Think it no shame the favour to deserve,
 Of every maid that doth thy Mistris serve:
 Salute them by their names in courteous sort,
 For these are they that can prefer thy sport.
 And more and more into their grace to grow,
 Some trifling gifts on each of them bestow:
 Especially regard her smiles or frowns,
 Whose office is to brush her Mistris Gowns.
 To her make means, for she is a groom-porter
 Both to her bed and such as do resort her:
 Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee send her,
 Mean thy love, but knacks of value slender:
 As when the Orchard boughs are clog'd with fruit,
 In some choice Dish from thence commend thy suite.
 And let the little Page that bears them say,
 Though thou perhaps hast bought them by the way,
 These pears, or plums, or grapes which I present you,
 As his first fruits were by my Master sent you.
 Or be they *Hazel Nuts*, or *Cheffenuts* great,
 Even such as *Amaryllis* lov'd to eat;
 Or a young *Turkie*, these will shew thy heart;
 These gifts send freely, lay thy gold apart:
 Such presents never bring men to despair,
 To untimely age, or to tormenting care.

Haz-
 ard for
 her.

To use
 her
 maids

What
 gifts
 to
 send
 her.

Send
her
verses.

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
What shall I bid thee send her, meetred rimes?
Alas, they find small honour in these times,
Verses they praise, but Gold they most require,
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
This is the golden age: not that of old.
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the train,
Yet without Gold he may retire again:
Some Girls there be, but they be passing few,
Worthy to rank amongst that learned crew.
Others unlearned are, yet would be held,
As if in skill and judgement they excel'd:
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile
Of sweetest poesie their worths compile:
Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteem:
And like a slight gift thy sweet Verses seem.
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feat,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee intreat.
Art thou by covenant ty'd, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy servant free:
Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence asswag'd,
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
Do as thy profit leads thee, and yet so,
That she for every thing thou dost may owe.
And thou that hast attain'd by passions deep
Thy Ladies grace, and wouldst her favour keep,
Make her believe still when thou view'st her feature
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
If cloath of Tyre she wear, that habit laud,
Her Tyrian vesture with thy tongue applaud.

Praise
her
active

If silk which we from rich *Arabia* traffick,
 Swear such attire cannot be found through *Africk*.
 If cloth of Gold she wear, tush Gold is base,
 If you compare her habit to her face:
 If in the cold she but a Freez Gown wear,
 Then her perfection makes that garment dear.
 Is she compleatly drest, and wrapt with joy?
 Cry out aloud my heart burns bright as *Troy*.
 Doth she above her forehead part her hair?
 That lovely scene doth make her twice as fair:
 Are her curl'd locks in careless tresses dangled?
 In these crisp knots thy heart must be intangled.
 If she doth dance, admire her active feet:
 If sing, then wonder at her voyce so sweet.
 But when she ceaseth, see thou then complain,
 Intreating her to try her skill again.
 Do this, and were her heart as hard as brass,
 Or more obdurate than *Medusæ's* was,
 Yet she in time shall be compell'd to yield,
 And thou depart a Conqu'ror from the field:
 Only beware of too apparent flattery,
 It will destroy the siege and tedious battery.
 Dissembling, with Art tempered, much imports,
 Else from all future credit it deports.
 In autumn when the year is in his pride,
 And the Grape full with wine red's on the side:
 When the clear air keeps a divided seat,
 Affording sometimes cold and sometimes heat,
 Women are prone to love, healthful and quick.
 But if by chance thy Lady be faine sick,
 Make both thy love, zeal, faith, and all things cheap,
 Then sow what with full sickle thou maist reap.
 Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,
 Seem not as if thou loathest her disease:

Her
 dancing.
 Her
 voice.

C

Employ

Employ thy hand in each thing done unto her,
 These offices even of themselves will wooe her.
 Let her behold thee weep as thou standst by,
 That she may drink each tear falls from thy eye.
 Vow many things, but all in publick stile:
 Tell her thy pleasing dreams to make her smile.
 And let the trembling Nurse thought fit to watch,
 Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:
 Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,
 Whilst with thy hand thou turn'st and rear'st it oft.
 These are the easie footsteps thou must tread,
 Which have made way to many a wanton bed:
 No such fair office can with hate be stained,
 Rather by these affection is soon gained.
 But minister no druggs of bitter juice,
 Such let thy rival temper to his use.
 Now greater gusts must to my Park give motion,
 Being from the shoar lancht forth into the Ocean.
 Young love at first is weak and craves forbearing,
 But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:
 Yon moody Bull of whom thou art afraid,
 Being but a Calf thou with his horns hast plaid:
 That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand
 To shield thee from a storm, was once a wand:
 A River at the first not once a stride,
 Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
 Receiving in fresh Brooks in divers ranks,
 Till he in pride have overflown his Banks.
 Use to converse with her, the speeder knows,
 What strength from custom and acquaintance grows.
 Frequent her often, be from her seild away,
 Keep in her ear and eye both night and day:
 And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,
 'Tis good one should be ask'd for being mist.

Fre-
 quent
 her.

Be absent from her some convenient season,
 And let her rest a while, it is but reason.
 The field being spar'd returns thee treble gain;
 After great drought the earth carrouses Rain.

Be
 absent
 from
 her.

Phyllis did love *Demophoon*, but not doat,
 Untill she saw his flying ship afloat.

Penelope her absent Lord did mourn,
 So *Laodamia* did till the return
 Of her dear spouse. But be not long away,

ulyf-
 ses

Cares perish: new love enters by delay.

When *Menelaus* from his house is gone,

Poor *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:

And to allay these fears lodg'd in her breast,
 In her warm bosome she receives her guest.

What madness was it *Menelaus*, to say,

Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay

Under the self same Roof thy Guest and Love?

Madman unto the Hawk to turn the Dove.

And who but such a gull would give to keep

Unto the Mountain wolf full folds of sheep?

Hellen is blameless, so is *Paris* too,

And did what thou or I my self would do.

The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,

By limiting these Lovers time and place;

From thee the seed of all thy wrongs are grown:

Whose counsel hath she followed but thy own?

Alas what should she do? abroad thou art,

At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part;

To lie alone the poor wench is afraid,

In the next room an amorous stranger laid.

Her arms are open to embrace him, he falls in,

And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy sin.

Neither the bristled Boar in his fierce wrath,

Torn by the ravenous Dogs more anger hath;

Wo-
 mans
 rage.

Nor

Nor Lions when with milk her dugs do ake,
 Seeking her lost whelps, hid within some brake;
 Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
 Whom some unwary heel hath crusht and beaten;
 Than a fierce woman shews her self in mind,
 Her dearest in adulterous arms to find.

Oh then she swells, her fir'd eye burns apace,
 And you may see her thoughts writ in her face:
 Through Swords, through Flames she rushes, there
 no ill

So grievous, but she acts it with her will:
 This breaks all mutual love though well compound
 ed,

This destroies all, though ne'er so firmly grounded.
Mada did her Husbands guilt repay,
 And with her bloody hand *Absert* is slay.

Yon Swallow which thou see'st was such another:
 Before her transformation a fierce Mother:
 And that the deeds may yet be understood,
 The feathers of her breast were stain'd with blood.
 But for all this I task not thy affection,
 Of one, and her alone to make Election:
 You Gods defend the Fords should prove so deep,
 These Married men have much-ado to keep.
 Play you the wantons, but being done conceal it,
 And by no brags or foolish boasts reveal it.
 Meet at no certain hour, give no known gift,
 Thy usual place of meeting often shift:

It may be shroud disturbers some may send thee,
 And spials may be set to apprehend thee.
 And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,
 Before thou send'st some, take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd, makes war still moving sorrow
 Who late from others grief their mirth did borrow.

Whil

Whilst *Agamemnon* lived with one contented;
 His wife was chaste and never it repented :
 His secret blows her heart did so provoke,
 Wanting a Sword she with his Scabbard stroke.
 She heard of *Chryses* and the many jars,
 About *Lyrnessis* to encrease the wars :
 And therefore meer revēge the Lady charms,
 To take *Thyestes* in her amorous arms.
 If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,
 The act by circumstance 'pears too apparent :
 Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,
 And boldly face them that it was not so.
 Be not too sad or of too mirthful chear,
 Lest in thy countenance thy deeds appear.
 In thy close meetings use thy nimble knee,
 It may perhaps a bold intruder be.
 And after so repulsed scale the Fort,
 But venture not too rashly on thy sport:
 Many there be by whose unskillful motions,
 You are prescrib'd strange drugs and divers potions
 To make you lusty; they are poysons all
 To infect the body and inflame the gall.
 Pepper with biting Nettle-seeds they mix,
 Of bastard pellitory some few sticks :
 Which beaten and in old wine drunk up clear,
 Makes sprightful men aloft their standards bear :
 The Goddess that beneath high *Eryx* reigns
 Unto her pleasure no such blood constrains :
 White skallions brought you from *Megara* eat,
 With Garden sage make Sallers to thy meat.
 Take new laid Eggs, fresh Honey from the Bees,
 Pine apple Nuts full ripe, eat such as these; (gick,
 This wholesome fare breeds nought corrupt or tra-
 What hath my art to do with hellish Magick?

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,
 Turn from that course, boast and in it take pride :
 Nor blame the lightness of thy Tutors mind,
 You see we do not sail still with one wind,
 Sometimes the East, and when his fury fails,
 West, North and South by turn do fill our sayls :
 The Chariot-driver sometimes slacks his Reins,
 Sometimes again his Horses he restrains.
 Many there be which calmness much doth blind,
 And if they find a rival, grow unkind :
 Prosperity makes humane minds grow rank ;
 Themselves to know, or their great God to thank.
 Nor is it held an easie task to find
 Men that all fortunes bear with equal mind.
 As fire, his strength being wasted, hides his head
 In the white ashes, sleeping though not dead ;
 But when a sudden blast doth come by chance,
 Then fire and light all wake as from a trance :
 So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt,
 Love must be quickned even as fire is wont.
 Make her to fear and to look pale sometime,
 By shewing her some instance of thy crime,
 Which she suspected erst ; in some strange veins,
 Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complains.
 No sooner the report of this assails her,
 But colour, voyce, and every sense straight fails her.
 Then I am he whose face she madly tears
 Whom she desires to have straight by the ears.
 Hate me she must, and yet, good God, she may not,
 Without me live she will (alas) but cannot,
 Dwell not upon this passion, but at length
 Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength :
 By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
 Drying the tears that trickle down her face,

Kiss her yet weeping, her yet weeping show
 All the proud sweets the Queen of love doth know.
 This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
 These sports alone her passion can assuage.
 Peace goes unarm'd and knows not warlike fashions,
 This happy peace is known among all Nations :
 Doves by their mutt'ring songs shew their good wills,
 But now they fought, and now they joyn their bills.
 The first confused Mass no order knew,
 Earth, Sea and Heaven, had all one face, one hew :
 Straight was the Heaven, the Earths large covering
 The Shore girt in the Sea, not to invade (made,
 Either in others bounds ; then *Chaos* ceast,
 And each thing in their severall part increast :
 The woods receive the beasts, air the birds take,
 Fish the Sea choose, and the dry Land forsake.
 Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
 Meer strength his body rules, meer lust his heart.
 Groves were his Cities, shadowed boughs his dwelling,
 Water his drink, all other drinks excell'g.
 And long it was ere man the woman knew,
 Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,
 And then upon these unknown sweets she venter'd,
 Where many an unfast fort was scal'd and enter'd.
 Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor;
 But lay with her, and liv'd without a tutor :
 Even so one Bird doth with another toy,
 And the male fish doth with the female joy.
 The Hart the Doe doth follow, Serpents too
 Are with the Serpents held their feat to do :
 The Hounds in their adulterate parts were fast,
 The joyful Ewe receives the ram at last.
 The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
 And the rank he-Goat finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant Horses courage
 Swims over Fords, and doth large Pastures forrage.
 To thy offended love give this strong potion,
 And perfect friendship straight succeeds the motion.
 This Medicine rightly took all hate expels,
 Apply it then, others it far excels.
 As I was writing to the God of fire
 Appears, and with his thumb he stroke his lire :
 In his right hand a branch of Lawrel grew,
 A Lawrel chaplet I might likewise view
 Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
 This shews the Sun God *Phæbus* is a Poet.
 Who after moving of his head thus spake,
 Mistress of Love, thy amorous Scholars take,
 And lead them to my Temple built on high,
 There is an old Sun known in every skie,
 Which by his Characters doth plainly show
 That every man must learn himself to know :
 Alone he wisely loves that can do so. }
 He that is fair may shew his amorous face,
 Whose skin is white, to do his colour grace,
 Lie naked with his neck and shoulders bare ;
 Let him shun silence, whose discourse is rare.
 He that sings, sing by art, that drinks drink too
 By art, and without cunning nothing do.
 Let not the Learned in their words declaim,
 Nor the vain Poet prate of his own fame.
 So *Phæbus* warns, *Phæbus* himself hath said it,
 And his brave words are worthy to have credit.
 To come more near; the Lover that loves wisely,
 If these my precepts he observe precisely,
 Shall reach his wish. Th' earth brings not still in-
 crease,
 Ships when the winds keep in, their course do cease.
 Few

Few be our helps, but many be our troubles,
 Small is our furtherance which our let still doubles,
 A lover must endure much grief besides,
 For every Hare in *Atto* that abides,
 For every Berry that the Olive yields,
 For every Spike of grass sprung in the fields,
 For every shell strow'd on the salt Sea shore,
 Love hath one grief to taste, and ten griefs more.
 Art'told, that she abroad but now did wander,
 Yet in the window seest her with her Pander?
 Blame thou thine eyes, for it shall much avail thee,
 Think not that news, but that thy eye-sight fail'd
 thee.

Locks she the door she promised to leave open?
 O think not she deceitfully hath spoken.
 Take up thy lodging, make thy bed the floor,
 Thy pillow the cold threshold of the door.
 Perhaps a Maid from high may cast a flout,
 And ask what's he doth keep the gates without.
 Yet both the Maid and rude posts do thou flatter,
 Sprinkling the seats and portals with Rose-water.
 If she call, come; If bid thee go, then trudge.
 Rails she upon thee, doth she call thee drudge?
 Nay doth she knock thee? bear it; it is meet,
 Nor scorn it though she bid thee kiss her feet.
 Idwell on trifles, greater matters hear,
 To which though people lend a general ear:
 On stricter impositions now we enter.
 Virtue is still employed on hard adven-ter.
 A rival brook, do this, and by *Joves* power,
 Thou art inthron'd a Conquerour in his tower.
 O think me not a man that thus doth teach,
 Some rough hew'd Oak doth this hard Doctrine
 preach,

This is the hardest thing I can impose thee,
 If she desie thee, bear it, if she shows thee
 Her hand, forbear to read it; every day,
 When she calls, come; when she commands thee, flay;
 Thus even the married, to lead peaceful lives,
 Art oft enforc'd to endure of their fair wives.
 I am not perfect, I must needs confess,
 In this my art, though I this art profess,
 What shall I then? my word I cannot keep,
 I have no power to swim a Sea so deep.
 Shall any kifs my Lady I being by,
 And to his throat shall I not madly fly?
 Shall any beckon to her and I bear it?
 Shall any court her and I stand to hear it?
 I saw one kifs my Mistriss, I complained,
 And anger all my vital spirits constrained.
 My love alas for Barbarisme abound,
 And doth my wits and spirits whole confound:
 That wittal is much better skil'd than I,
 Who sees such sights, and patiently stands by.
 To keep the room where such things are in place,
 Despoils the front of shamefastness and grace.
 Then oh you young men, though you come to view,
 Your looks beguile you, do not think it true.
 Against all censures I ever hold this plea,
 It is not good to take them *Rem in Re*.
 Where two are taken napping both alike,
 Their mutual guilt makes them the oftner strike.
 This tale to Heaven is blaz'd, how unawares
Venus and *Mars* were ta'en in *Vulgans* snares:
 The God of war doth in his brow discover,
 The perfect and true pattern of a Lover.
 Nor could the Goddess *Venus* be so cruel,
 To deny *Mars*: soft kindness is a Jewel

the
 tale of
Venus
 and
Mars.

In any woman, and does become her well,
 In this the Queen of love doth most excel.
 (Oh God) how often have they mockt and flouted
 The Smiths polt-foot, which nothing them misdoub-
 Made jests by him and by his begrim'd trade, (ted,
 And his smudg'd visage black with cole-dust made?
 Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
 Venus like Vulcan limp, and halt, and draw
 One foot behind another with a grace,
 To counterfeite his odd and uneven pace.
 Their meeting first they did conceal with fear,
 From every searching eye and list'ning ear.
 The God of war and his lascivious Dame
 In publick view were full of bashful shame.
 But the Sun spies how this sweet pair agree,
 Oh what bright Phœbus can be hid from thee!
 The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,
 And in all post he speeds to tells the Smith.
 Oh Sun! what bad example dost thou show,
 What thou in secret seest, must all men know?
 For silence ask a bribe from her fair treasure, (sure,
 She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with plea-
 The God whose face is smudg'd with smoak and fire,
 Placeth about the bed a Net of wire,
 So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye,
 Straight as he feigns to Lemnos he must hie:
 The Lovers meet where he the train hath set,
 And both lay catch't within the wery Net.
 He calls the Gods, the lovers naked spraule
 And cannot rise, the Queen of love shews all.
 Mars chafes, and Venus weeps, neither can flinch,
 Grappled they lye, in vain they kick and winch.
 Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Amongst

Amongst these high spectators one by chance,
 That saw them naked in this pitfal dance,
 Thus to himself said, If that it tedious be,
 Good God of war bestow thy place on me.
 Scarce at thy prayers, God *Neptune*, he unbound them,
 But would have left them as the God there found
 them.

The nets untide, *Mars* straight repairs to *Crete*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.

What did this help thee *Vulcan*? shall I tell thee,
 Unto more grief and rage it will compel thee:
 The publick meeting which at first shame covers
 Is now made free; who knows not they be Lovers?
 There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,
 Worse than they have been, how should they be
 sham'd?

Of thy rash deed it often doth repent thee,
 Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee.
 This I forbid you, so doth *Venus* too,
 It harmed her, and she forwarns it you.
 Lay for thy rival then no secret snares,
 Nor intercept his tokens unawares:
 Let those close pranks by such just men be tri'd,
 That are by fire and water purifi'd.
 Behold once more I give you all to know,
 Save wanton loves my art doth nothing show.
 No govern'd Matron well and chastly guided
 I here protest is in my verse derided.
 What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare smile,
 Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Isle?
 Silence is held a virtue, silence then,
 Tel-tales and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates such men:
 For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in Hell,
 And there must ever and for ever dwell;

Hungry,

Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lips;
 Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip.
 But *Venus* more desires than any other,
 Her secret mysteries and rites to smother.
 I charge you let no Tel-tales hither come,
 Such amongst many there must needs be some:
 Hide her reports from every ear that lists,
 And lock her secrets up in brazen Chests.
 In their new birth's till pleasures buried lie,
 'Twixt us they grow, betwixt us let them die,
 Her naked parts if she to any shows,
 Her readiest hand to shadow them she throws.
 The shameless beasts in common fields do stray,
 And act their generation at noon day,
 Which Maids by chance espying, cry Oh spight,
 And through their fingers look to see the sight.
 But when our Lover with his Mistress meets,
 Have beds and doors shut 'twixt them and the streets;
 With cloaths and veils their nakedness they shroud,
 Wishing the bright Sun hid behind some cloud,
 Even in those days when men on Acorns fed,
 And the green turffe was made the general bed;
 When no thatch Cottage or poor House was builded;
 By which from heat of cold they might be shielded;
 Into the woods and caves the people went,
 And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.
 In the Sun's presence they shew'd nothing bare:
 The rudest and most barbarous had this care,
 As loth the day should view their publick shames,
 Now to their nightly actions they give names,
 Bargains and price is made in all their doings,
 And nothing costs us dearer than our woings.
 Let not thy talk be when thou com'st in place,
 To say that this, or that wench did me grace:

Or

Or point then with thy finger ; it may fall,
 Thus thou maist lose her whom thou lov'st and all.
 Others there be from street to street do wander,
 And innocent women in their shops do slander.
 Forging of them they know not many a lye,
 Which were they true they gladly would deny :
 For who command not ? Nay their spoil is such,
 Whose breast they cannot fold, their names they touch
 Go then thou odious Pander that keepst whores,
 A thousand locks hang fast upon thy doors :
 Part of her honest canst thou keep within,
 When her whole name abroad is full of sin ?
 Do not their wanton wishes make them naught,
 When they desire to be as they are thought ?
 Sincereſt Lovers we sparingly do teach,
 Yet like no publick craft their names impeach.
 Dissemble every fault in their complections,
 Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections :
 I wish you rather smother them, than blame them,
 They love if you praise them, hate if shame them.
Andromache was belly, sides, and back
 To *Perſeus* ſeen, he did not term her black.
Andromache was of too huge a ſtature,
 One loving *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature,
 And lik'd her ſelf. What is at firſt deſpised,
 Seem not ſo groſs when men be well adviſed.
 Continuance and acquaintance wears away
 Such ſpots as are apparent the firſt day.
 A young plant clothed in a tender rind,
 Cannot withſtand the fury of the wind,
 But when his bark is grown, he ſcorns each blaſt,
 In ſpight of whom he grows and bears at laſt :
 Every ſucceeding week and following day,
 Take from acquainted looks a ſtain away,

And

And what to day a gross blot thou wouldst guess,
 To morrow in thy eye appears much less.
 Young Heifers cannot be induc'd to bear
 The rank and lusty Bull for the first year.
 But their society acquaints the smell,
 After continuance they can brook it well.
 Then favour their disgraces and relieve them,
 Blemishes help by the good names you give them.
 To her whose skin is black as *Ebon* was,
 I've said ere now, Oh 'tis a good brown Lass.
 Or if she look askint, as I am true,
 So *Venus* looks: if she be black of hew,
 Pale, for the world *Pallas*: be she grown
 Yellow, by Heavens *Minerva* up and down:
 If she be tall, then for her height commend her;
 She that is lean like envy, term her slender:
 She that is dwarfish, name her light and quick,
 And call her neat, well set that's grubbed thick.
 She that is puffed like *Boreas* in the cheek,
 It but full fac'd, and *Daphne* she is like.
 Thus qualifie their faults, nor to disgrace them,
 But in a higher rank of beauty place them.
 Or hap'nest thou of one but dim of sight,
 Wrinkled her brow, her grissled hair turn'd white,
 Her Nose and Chin half met? She would take scorn
 To tell who Consul was when she was born.
 Then if to such thy love thou wilt engage,
 Look that at no time thou dost ask her age.
 Though she want teeth and have a fluttering tongue,
 Yet she takes pains to be accounted young.
 This is the age, young men, that brings the gain
 And plenteous harvest of the spring-tides pain.
 Employ your selves then in your youth and strength,
 Age with a soft space steals on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou thy youth at sea or till the land,
 Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand :
 Follow the wars, siege towns, or ly in trenches,
 Or if not so, then learn to love fair wenches.
 It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
 And even by this employment wealth is gained :
 Such discipline, such practice must be used
 By us, as those who hostile arms have chused.
 Some women by their industry and pains,
 The loss of years recovers and regains :
 Times speedy course is by their art controld.
 They can preserve themselves from being old.
 Their amorous pastimes and lascivious plays,
 They shape and fashion many thousand ways :
 With sundry pleasures they their trade commix,
 And every several day devise new tricks :
 They can provoke the appetite and please it,
 Conjure the spirit up and straight appease it.
 But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,
 Women and men should both of even hands share.
 I hate the bed that yields not mutual joys,
 And that's the cause I love not juggling boys :
 I hate t' embrace her, that no spirit will use,
 Yielding no more than what she cannot chuse.
 I like not pleasure, though I like the beauty,
 Lasses of Love perform not but of duty :
 Duty away, I banish thee the place,
 Where mutual Lovers mutual sweets embrace.
 Let me the musick of her soft voice hear,
 Whispering her ravisht pleasures in my ear,
 To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
 And tir'd with that, to try some other way.
 Let me behold her eyes turn up the whites,
 Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

These

These prodigal pleasures nature hath not given,
 To the first age a little above seven.
 The wine that from the unripe grape is prest,
 Is tart, and sour, the mellow wine tastes best :
 The palm tree till it hath a well grown rind,
 Cannot withstand the violence of the wind.
 The mead new mown doth prick the feet that's bare.
 I grant thee young *Hermione* was fair :
 But to prefer the girl before the mother,
 The beauteous *Helen* ; neither one nor other
 Can so blaspheme : heres *Gorge* some adore her :
 But who praise her before the Saint that bore her ?
 Now I suppose ripe fruits I most approve,
 And in my thoughts I cover mellowed love.
 Yon bed new tost, behold where it discovers,
 The curtains being drawn to wanton lovers :
 There stay my muse, no further now proceed,
 Without thy help they both can speak and speed.
 Without thy help kind words will quickly pass
 Betwixt the Lover and his amorous Lass :
 Without thy help their hands will nimbly creep,
 And in each privy place their office keep.
 Nay every finger will it self imploy,
 To add increase to thy imperfect joy :
 Handling those parts where love his darts doth hide.
 This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tri'd ;
Andromache to this of force must yield,
 His valour was not only in the field :
 This stout *Achilles* of his Love desired,
 When with the slaughter of his enemies tired,
 He unarm'd his back, his belly, and his head :
 To tumble with her on a down soft bed ;
 Thou didst rejoyce, *Briseis*, to embrace
 His bruised corps, and kiss his blood-stain'd face.

These

These warlike hands that did but late embrew
 Themselves in blood of *Trojans* whom they slew,
 Were now imploy d to tickle, touch and feel,
 And shake a Lance that hath no point of steel:
 Believe me, for I speak as I have tasted,
 The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.
 They should be rather by degrees prolonged:
 By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged,
 When thou by chance hast hit upon the place,
 Which being toucht a Girl still hides her face;
 Forbear not though she blush and spring and kick,
 And rumbling shew thee many a gamble trick.
 Thou shalt behold her straightly still amazed,
 Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed,
 Affording a strange kind of humid light,
 As when the Moon in water shines by night.
 Let neither amorous words cease their inchaning,
 Murmur nor whispering sounds of joys be wanting;
 Yea there let every sweet content resort,
 Every word, deed or thought that furthers sport.
 Let not thy Mistris use too swift a tail,
 Nor let thy hast beyond her speed prevail:
 Both keep one course, your Oars together strike,
 Your journeys on then, make your pace alike.
 Together strive at once, win to the mark,
 You may no question grope it in the dark;
 Then is the fulness of all sweet content,
 When both at once strive, both at once are spent.
 Such course observe when as the time is free;
 And that no jealous eyes attend on thee:
 Being secure no future danger near,
 Then thou mayst boldly dally without fear.
 But if thou beest not safe and hast short leisure,
 Doubtful to be disturbed amidst thy pleasure,

Make

Make then what speed thou canst, use all thy force
 And clap a sharp spur to a jade pack Horse.
 My work is at an end, the palm bring me,
 And let the Mirtle garland be my fee.
 How much renown'd great *Polydorus* was,
 That all the *Greeks* in Physick did surpass:
 As famous as great *Nestor* for his age,
 Or strong *Achilles* for his warlike rage:
 As much extol'd as *Calchas* for his charms,
 Or *Telemachus Ajax* by his arms:
 As for his Chariot-skill *Antomedon*,
 So great in Love shall I be censur'd on.
 Canonize me your Poet, give me praise,
 And crown my temples with fresh wreaths of bays:
 Let this my laud in every mouth be sung,
 And my fames clangor through the whole Earth rung.
 I give you armour, such God *Vulcan* framed,
 So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed,
 And so do ye; but whatsoever he be,
 That by my arms subdues his enemy,
 This Motto let him give, Lo here's a Last
 By *Ovid* my Arts Master conquered was.
 Behold young *wenches* likewise crave my skill,
 They shall be next instructed by my quill.

F I N I S.

THE



T H E T H I R D
B O O K.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greek* to field is gone,
 To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
 Behold like weapons in my power remain
 For thee *Penthesilea* and thy train.
 Go arm'd alike, fight, and they overcome,
 Whom sacred *Venus* favours and her Son:
 It were not meet poor naked Girls should stand,
 To encounter men provided hand to hand.
 To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men.
 O but some say, why *Ovid* should thy Pen
 Put Poyson into Snakes, or give to keep
 Unto the ravenous Wolf a fold of Sheep?
 Oh for some few Offenders do not blame
 All of their Sex, let not a general shame
 For some few faulters their whole brood inherit,
 But every one be censured as they merit.
 Although the two *Atrides* had their lives
 Endangered both by falshood of their wives;
 Though false *Eryphile* her Husband sold
 To *Polynices* for a chain of Gold:
 Yet did the fair *Penelope* live chaste,
 While twice five years her Royal Lord did wast

In bloody battles, and as many more,
 Wandring through every sea and unknown shore.
 So did the chaste *Phyllacides*, and she,
 The partner of her husbands grief to be,
 Went with him as his page a tedious way;
 And in the travel died before her day:
 Oh happy *Pheretiades*, thy wife
 From death redeemed thee with her own life.
 Receive me oh you flames, did *Iphias* cry,
 And with my buried husband let me dye:
 And with that word she skips into the fire.
 All fair endowments that we can desire,
 Reign in a womans breast; no marvail then
 They with adorned virtues please us men:
 But these chaste minds my art enjoyneth not,
 A softer sail will serve to guide my boat:
 Nothing but wanton love flows from my brains,
 How pretty wenches may escape mens trains.
 A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
 But through them both unto her sweetheart run:
 So will not men: poor girles by them are scott,
 Many times men fail, maids sometimes, not oft.
 False *Jason* left *Medea* and her charms,
 To clasp another Mistriss in his arms.
 As much as in thy power, false *Theseus*, lay,
 Bright *Ariadne* was a woful prey
 To the Sea foulds and Monsters, left alone
 In a remote place friendless and unknown.
 Many uncertain ways hath *Phillis* gone,
 Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
 And though *Aeneas* had a firrane good,
 He left his sword to let out *Didos* blood.
 But what destroys you Ladies can you tell?
 You know not how to love, or fashion well

Your

Your thoughts to art, Love artless stand unsure,
 Art with love temper'd is strong to endure :
 Nor should you know it now, but that the Queen
 Of sacred Love was in my vision seen :
 And straintly charg'd me that I should impart
 To all the Sex the secret of my art.
 For thus she spake, How have poor maids misdone,
 That they 'gainst armed men must naked run?
 Two Books have given men weapons in their hands,
 The whilst our fearful Sex unarmed stands :
 He that rebuk'd Queen *Leda's* lewd desire,
 Since sung her praise unto a sweeter life :
 Thy self examine, canst thou do them damage,
 To whom in time thou maist perform due homage?
 This having said she took from off her brow
 A myrtle wreath, for in a myrtle bow
 Her hair was twisted up, and gave to me
 Of leaves and seeds a little quantity.
 Straight in my brain I felt a power divine,
 Whilst in the place a purer air did shine ;
 And all the cares that hung upon my heart,
 Even at that instant I might feel depart.
 My wits at ripest are ; wenches come thick :
 Receive my precepts whilst my wits are quick.
 First think how old age hourly doth attend
 To steal upon thee, so be sure to spend
 No season idle, thou art young, then play,
 Years like the running waters glide away.
 Thou canst not stay the flood, it streams so fast,
 Nor pull the short hours back when they are past :
 Make use of time, for time is swift and fleet,
 Nor can the following good be all so sweet,
 As the first pleasure was ; have I nor seen
 This now a withered stalk, once fresh and green?

From

From that bare thorn within not many hours,
 I had a chaplet of sweet-smelling Flowers :
 The time shall come when thou that dost exclude
 Such Lovers from thy doors as would intrude,
 Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,
 Stretching thy stiff limbs on a frosty bed :
 Nor in the night shalt thou be rais'd up late
 By such as knock and thunder at the gate ;
 Nor in the Morning when the Cock hath crowed ;
 Find porch and threshold with fresh Roses strowed ;
 How soon alas doth clearest colour fade,
 How quickly wrinkles in thy skin are made !
 Look on thy lock, and thou wilt sadly swear,
 Age hath too soon snow'd on thy golden hair.
 Snakes throw their age off when they change their
 skin ;
 Harts when they cast their heads, fresh strength be-
 gin,
 And so to th' eye they never aged grow :
 Ye have no heads to cast, no skins to throw,
 Your good flies helpless, therefore pluck the flower
 Which being gathered withers in an hour :
 In many Child-birth age is quickly crept,
 Fields soon grow lean, that are so often reapt,
 You see *Endymion* by the Moon lov'd still,
 Nor doth she blush thereat ; and by thy will,
Aurora, thou wouldst ever have the name
 Of *Cephalus* thy dear, nor thinkst it shame.
 Not mentioning *Adonis*, on whose hearse
Venus her self hung many a tragick verse.
 Tell us by whom you Queen born of the sea,
 Had you *Aeneas* and *Hermione* ?
 Oh moral generations follow these,
 And practise after them being goddesses :

Do not deny your ravishing pleasures, when
 They are besought you by desirous men.
 Tell me what lose you by it? what thou hast,
 Thou art possesst of still, and feel'st no wast :
 Take thence a thousand sweets, be not afraid,
 Thou keepst thy own, and nothing is decaid.
 Stones are by use made soft, iron worn to dross,
 That never wears, and therefore finds no loss.
 Who will deny us at a torch being light,
 To light a taper till it burn as bright?
 Or who would strive in their own power to keep,
 All the spare billows in the vasty deep?
 Yet will a woman plead her love is rare;
 And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.
 Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,
 Dost thou but lose the water that thou tak'st?
 I speak not this to prostrate every one,
 But lest you fear vain loss, where loss is none.
 Now greater gusts my swelling sail must strain,
 Being from the shore new lancht into the main:
 First with their neatness I begin, the vine
 Well trim'd and prun'd affords us choice of wine:
 And in a field well till'd the corn grows tall.
 Shape is the gift of God; none amongst you all,
 But in their shapes take pride: nay there be many
 Proud of their favour, when they scarce have any.
 Proportion even the greatest number want,
 But art supplies where nature hath been scant.
 Care marrs the face, the face a while neglected
 Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected.
 The Virgins of the old time had this care,
 Their bodies and their beauties to repair:
 Else had the men of former ages spent
 Their years without their wonted ornament.

Neat-
ness
requi-
red in
a wo-
man.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad
 In manly robes, no marvail, for she had
 A souldier to her husband : If you see
 The wife of *Ajax* yet it valiantly,
 No marvail, for she was his wife that bare
 A shield of seven Ox-hides thick tan'd with hair.
 The world was plain simple and rude of old,
 But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with Gold ;
 And shines in Glory with the bright reflection :
 All the worlds wealth is under her subjection.
 Behold the Capitol, and thou wilt say,
 In these great *Jove* hath choos'd to dwell for aye :
 This gorgeous Court and Council house was framed
 Out of meer stubble when king *Talus* reigned.
 These gorgeous Palaces that 'gainst the Sun
 Do now so shine, were when they first begun,
 A pasture for draught Oxen. Let them ease
 Their thoughts with ancient times, whom old times
 I thank the Gods I in this age was born, (please,
 These times my humour fit, old dayes I scorn,
 Not because Gold in the earths veins are sought,
 Or shells, or stones from forraign shores are brought,
 Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
 Or voyage ships to unknown seas are rig'd.
 But because ancient fordidness is gon,
 And gallantry has general credit won.
 Hang in your ears bright stones, but not too dear,
 Such as from *Indies* brought are sold you here.
 Go not too grave, nor over rich array'd,
 By costly garbs are many beggars made.
 Neatness we Love, your hair in order tye,
 To keep it within Law thy hands apply.
 Nor is there only one kind of attire,
 The fashion that becomes thee best, desire.

D

Prove

Prove every shape, but ere it currant pass,
 See thou before take counsel from thy Glasse.
 A long and slender visage best allows
 To have the hair part, just above the brows,
 So *Laodameia* firnam'd the fair,
 Us'd when she walk'd abroad to trust her hair.
 A round plump face must have her trammels tied
 In a fast knot above, her front to hide,
 The wier supporting it, whilst either ear,
 Bare and in sight upon each side appear.
 Some Ladies locks about their shoulders fall,
 And hanging loose become them best of all:
 So *Phœbus* look't when last he toucht his Lute.
 That other Lady doth her habit suit
 With chaste *Diana*, being trickt to go
 To strike the savage Bore or tameless Roe.
 She when her hair hangs loose hath greatest pride,
 This best becomes her when her locks are tyed:
 Yon, when her head tire is like a tortoise shell,
 Is roost and vaulted well, beseems it well:
 More leaves the Forrest yields not from the trees,
 More beests the *Alps* breed not, nor *Hybla* bees,
 Than there be fashions of attire in view,
 Every succeeding day adds something new.
 Many become their tire best when they wear
 Instead of spruceness a neglected hair:
 And being comb'd but now, yet thou shalt say,
 Her hair hath not been toucht since yesterday.
 Art doth much change, so did *Alcides* see
 To attir'd, and said this wench's for me.
 So *Gnossis* whom the God of Grapes commended,
 When by his shouting *Satyres* being attended,
 He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted.
 With scattered hair her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh Nature are we bound to thee,
 That finds for every grief a remedy?
 And as our shapes and colour suffer cross,
 Yet thou hast in thee to repair that loss.
 Say that by age or some great sickness had,
 Thy head with wonted hair be thinly clad:
 Falling away like corn from ripened sheaves,
 As thick as *Boreas* blows down *Autumn* leaves.
 By *German* herbs thou maist thy hair restore,
 And hide the bare scalp that was bald before.
 Women have known this art, and of their crew
 Many false colours buy to hide the true.
 And multitudes, yea more than can be told,
 Walk in such hair as they have bought for Gold:
 Hair is good Merchandize and grown a trade,
 Markets and publick traffick thereof made.
 Nor do they blush to cheapen it among
 The thickest number and the rudest throng;
 Nay even before *Alcides* sacred flames,
 And in the presence of the vestal Dames.
 To leave their hair and speak of their attire:
 I do not trails or purfled guards desire;
 Nor robes of blushing scarlet prized high,
 Whose wooll is twice dipt in the *Tyrian* dye:
 Look but abroad and thou maist in a trice
 Find lighter colours and of far less price.
 Were it not madness thou in scorn of lack,
 Shouldst wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back?
 Behold the colour of the azure air,
 When in the cloudless day the skie is fair,
 And the South wind brings on the earth no showers,
 As once it did what time one flow devours
Phryxus and *Helles*: such a colour chuse,
 'Tis neat and cheap, but costly dyes refuse:

To
 help
 the de-
 fects of
 nature

That pretty colour imitates the waves,
 And from their sea-green drops a name it craves.
 In this the young *Nymphes* went apparel'd most.
 This saffron imitates of no great cost,
 And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
 That every morning decks fair *Phœbus* steeds:
 Else such a dye as *Paphian myrtles* yield,
 Or such as purple *Amethysts*, or a field
 Where nothing save the milk white roses grow,
 Or such an hew as *Thracian Cranes* do show.
 Let not, fair *Amarillis*, wanting be
 Thy ackorns or the blooms of *Almond tree*;
 All these of several coloured juice be full,
 And with the several colours stain the wool.
 So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring
 In spite of winters horrid rage doth bring
 To deck the earth with; full so many hues,
 The thirsty wool doth drink and none refuse.
 'Mongst which fair women out of your affections,
 Choose them that shall become best your complection.
 She that is brown let her attire be white, (cons.
Briseis wore a robe of colour light,
 When she was ravish't; others that are fair,
 Let their attire be black as *Sables* are:
 Swarthy *Andromeda* wore a milk white smock,
 When she was tied half naked to the rock.
 As I have oft admonish'd, so see
 No rank and goatish smell about you be,
 Either in armpits or elsewhere; and hair
 Upon your legs and thighs must not appear,
 I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred,
 Or such as drink of *Mysus*; but instead
 Of barbarous truls, to you brave girls of *Rome*,
 Do I direct my phrase, and to your doom.

I now instruct you how your teeth to fret,
 Left in their use some furdness they do get :
 To rinse your mouths in water : you have wit
 To apprehend my words ; betimes to sit
 And in the morning take away the slime,
 Which makes the white teeth subject to such crime.
 Let such whose cheeks are of hew black and swart,
 Whom nature reds not, make them red by art :
 Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the brows ;
 A skin of died red leather art allows,
 To rub your faces with ; nor hold it shame
 To kindle in your eyes a spark of flame,
 It may be done with saffron, which like corn
 Grows near bright *Cydnus* whereas thou wert born.
 I have a little book in substance small,
 And yet a work of weight writ to you all,
 The Treatise is unto your general graces,
 How you by art may best preserve your faces :
 You whose rare beauties have receiv'd a scar,
 Seek thence your helps, receipts there written are.
 You may there find how to restore your bloods,
 My art was never idle for your goods.
 Beware lest that by chance your boxes ly
 Upon the table, and your Loves pass by :
 Throw them aside, art spreads her safest net
 When she is with most cunning counterfeit.
 Spill not thy drugs alike in every place,
 They will offend such as behold thy face ;
 Corrupting the beholder with such motion,
 If he should see thy garments stand with lotion.
 How doth the greasie rank wools smell offend,
 Though we for it as far as *Athens* send ?
 Yet it is good for use : Not before men.
 Use thou Dears marrow good for medicin ;

To
 keep
 their
 teeth

Ch. 1

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
 They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth.
 Many things which in doing we detest,
 Being once done they oftentimes please us best.
 These stately pillars in iron carv'd and wrought,
 Were a confused rock ; this ring he brought
 To that good form, was once unfashioned ore ;
 The costly cloth thou wearest a rough sheep bore.
 The curious picture of fair *Venus* was
 Before the cutting an unpolisht mass.
 Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping,
 Thy hand, thy box, thy glass their office keeping.
 Why should I know how thou art grown so fair ?
 Shut fast the forge where beauties framed are.
 For many things there be men should not know ;
 The greatest part of them if you should show,
 They should offend them much ; spare not to shroud
 The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
 The golden ensigns yonder that appear
 So splendid in the gorgeous Theater ;
 See what thin leaves of Gold foil gild the wood,
 Making the columns seem all massy good :
 Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
 Until the shows and sights be full prepared.
 So in thy preparation mark this note,
 Still make thee ready in a place remote :
 Yet sometimes if thy head be wondrous fair,
 Even before men 'tis good to comb thy hair.
 The hair a beauty hath which much besets,
 Being tied and wreath'd in pleats and comely knots,
 But be not tedious in thy art applying,
 Be quick both in the fasting and untying :
 Still when thou goest to dress thy self, be safe ;
 hate those sullen pettish things that chafe

At every idle cross, who scratch and bite,
 And with their nails and bodkins pinch and fight :
 Wounding themselves in anger ; rending, tearing
 The wires, the tires, the ruffs which they be wearing.
 She that is badly haired, let her before
 She dress her self, set watch still at the door.
 Upon the suddain 'twas my chance one day
 To press into the place, where my sweet-heart lay :
 When wondring she un'wares was thrust upon,
 Snatcht up her hair and put the wrong side on.
 Like cause of shame let come unto my foe
 And such disgrace unto the *Parthians* go.
 A scalded beast, fields that no grasse will bear,
 Trees without leaves, and heads that have no hair,
 Are odious to the eye : none of you three,
Europa, *Leda*, or fair *Semele*,
 Were subject to this want, or me did need,
 The help of Physick in this point to read :
 Nor *Hellen* thou whom with advisement deep
Menelaus asks ; the *Trojan* still doth keep.
 The wanton wenches in full troops pass hither,
 Good, bad, fair, foul, of all sorts flock together
 And come to be instructed ; amongst which
 Oft times the fair be poor, the foul be rich.
 And yet the fairest have of me least need,
 Their beauty is a dower that doth exceed
 My precepts far. The sea being calm and clear,
 The secure Seaman all his sails may bear.
 But when it swells and is disturb'd apart,
 The troubled Pilot must try all his art.
 Of every little mole be thou not squeamish,
 Tis hard to find a face that hath no blemish.
 Yet shalt thou seek to hide the least disgrace,
 Either in thy proportion or thy face.

If thou beest short, thy stature hide by wit;
 Still sit, lest standing thou beest took to sit.
 And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed,
 Lest that thy stature there be measured:
 Love Dwarf, observe my words, I hold it meet,
 To have some garment thrown upon thy feet.
 She that is slender and no cloaths can fill,
 Her double plaited gown must fit by skill,
 To make her portly, whilst a robe unbound
 From her two shoulders falls unto the ground.
 She that is pale, with purple stain her cheeks;
 She that is black, the fish of *Pharos* seeks.
 A splay mishapen foot in white shoes hide,
 And let dried legs wear a rich garter ti'd.
 Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight
 Wear bolster'd gowns to make them seem upright.
 About a faint and slender body wear
 A flannel swathband or warm stomacher.
 Such whose fat hands are itchy in the joynt,
 When they discourse let them not use to point.
 You that have stinking breaths must not speak fasting,
 But help themselves by some good breakfast tasting,
 Else chew a clove, the strength of it to break,
 Or keep some distance off still when you speak.
 Or if thy teeth in wide uneven ranks grow,
 Or be they gag'd, black, or too great in show,
 Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeeth,
 Beware of laughing, laughing shews the teeth.
 Who would believe this wonder? yet 'tis true,
 Maids may be taught to laugh, and to eschew
 Uncomely mouths and harsh tricks of the face:
 In laughing is much comeliness and grace:
 Be moderate in thy fleering, there's a feat
 To be observed in that; make not too great

The

The hollow pits mirth digs in every cheek.
 To hide thy gums let both thy red lips meet.
 Nor do thou stretch thy entrails by constraining
 Thy self unto loud laughter : neither feigning
 A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
 Sound out a womanish noise I know not what.
 Look but on them that with loud yalling force
 Antique and perverse faces that shews worse :
 And there is such a coile with wry mouths kept,
 That when they laugh, a man would swear they wept.
 Many with untun'd clamour hoarse and shrill,
 Bawl as the slow Ass brays out of the mill.
 What cannot art? women are taught too weep,
 And in their look a sober form to keep :
 To shape their eyes according to their passion,
 Both at what time they please, and in what fashion.
 Is there not grace in lispings to be found,
 To give true words a forg'd imperfect sound,
 Robbing the tongue his office in some part?
 Even in depraving words is sometimes art.
 Many that by my words my meaning scan,
 Art taught to speak less perfect than they can.
 Weigh these my words according to their worth,
 And these being con'd take other lessons forth.
 Learn how with womanish pace to use your gate,
 In every step there is a kind of state,
 Nor is there ought that yet my art discovers,
 Which with more violence draws or drives back
 Behold your Ladies gate the rest outstrips, (lovers.
 See with what cunning she doth move her hips:
 And in the pride of steps how the cold wind
 Swells her loose vails before her and behind.
 This like the blushing wife of *umber* paceth,
 Her full-viewed legs at every stride she graceth.

How
 to
 weep.

How
 to
 lisp.

How
far to
appear
bare.

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
Others a moderate pace doth best become.
As far as where the arm and shoulder parts,
Appear thou bare to wound the amorous hearts
Of wanton youths, this fashion understand
Longs to the fair, not such whose skins be tan'd.
Such sights ere now have made me I protest,
To kiss her neck, her shoulders and her breast.
The *Syrens* are Sea-Monsters, whose sweet notes
Draw to their tunes the wandering ships and boats:
And if their ears with wax they do not stop,
They are charm'd to leap up from the hatches top.

Sing.

Song is a fair endowment, a sweet thing,
A praiseful gift: then women learn to sing.
Hard favour'd girls by songs have won such gra-

ces,

Their sweet shrill tongues have prov'd bards to their
faces.

Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play,
Or else peruse some poem in the way.

Of Musick I would have thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to use a *Rebeck's* quill,
Or with thy left a harp; when *Orpheus* plaid;
The beasts, and trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stir
Nor Tartar power, nor tripple headed Cur.

Thou that so justly didst thy mother punish,
Did'st by thy Musick skill the world astonish:
In those sweets walks that were by Musick rear'd,
By every touch sweet harmony is heard.

The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet, *Arion*; did he listen to thy Lute.

Learn Musick then; and hope to play upon
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Rea

Read Poetry ; the works of *Cous* seek,
 Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greek.
 The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
 Read what lascivious *Sappho* else hath writ.
 For what more wanton works than *Sappho* lives ?
 See what delight to thee *Propertius* gives .
 Or if thy further leisure serve thee, look
 In *Gallus* works, or in *Tibullus* book.
 Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece
 The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece.
 Or read *Aeneas* banishment from *Troy*,
 Th' original of *Rome* : *Rome* doth enjoy
 No books more famous. Haply to my grace
 Some one may say, Thou *Ovid* hast a place
 Amongst the rest ; thou and thy lines may sound
 To aftertimes, nor be in *Lethe* drown'd.
 Or those three books which he *Amorum* calls,
 Entitling them of love, which of them falls
 Into thy handling first, that do thou choose,
 And lovingly my loving lines peruse.
 Or with a compos'd voice my *Canto's* sing,
 The use of these Loves mistress first did bring,
 To others yet unknown, oh *Phæbus* grant,
 Grant this you-Gods, whom sacred Poets haunt
 With their oblations, grant these powers divine,
 Thou God of Grapes, and you oh Muses nine.
 Who doubts but I would have you learn to dance ?
 Measure and Galliards shall your name advance.
 Command your arms and hands that they agree
 Unto the motion of the foot and knee.
 In moving of the body, hand and side,
 The comick Actor cannot take more pride,

Noce

To
game.

Nor use more art, the comeliness of either
 Concurr, and I compare them both together.
 Learn trivial sports, but oh your Poet shames
 To bid you be experienc'd in some games.
 Yet 'long they to my art; then be not nice
 To learn to play at cockall or at dice;
 How to cast lots and chances, which to guess,
 To play at draughts, at tables or at chess,
 To use a racket or to toss a ball,
 At set game, or at that we bandy call:
 To pass the night at billiards till eleven,
 At pickapandie, cards, or odd or even.
 Play prepares love, your skill is not so needful,
 As ought to be your looks and carriage heedful.
 Your greatest cunning is with art to frame
 The gesture and the countenance in your game:
 Game makes us earnest if we play with care,
 Then will our open thoughts or breasts lie bare.
 And straight we brawl and scold, a grievous stain,
 And oft from giving blows we can't refrain.
 Oh these be monstrous faults, to chide and rail,
 Or to blaspheme the Gods when our lucks fail:
 To vow or swear with protestations deep,
 And in the heat of play to fret or weep.
 Great *Jove* himself from you such crimes expel,
 Who covet suitors and to please them well.
 Nature these trivial sports to women lends.
 A freer scope of pastime she extends
 By much unto us men, for so we may
 Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the foot-ball play:
 Vault, ride, and teach the horse to trot the ring,
 Frequent the Fenceschool, practise arms, leap, spring.
 Nor can you march or muster on the sea,
 Or like the Merchant vent'rer go to sea:

Walk

Walk may you sometimes under *Pompey's* shade,
When heat of Dog-days does the air invade.

Or to triumphant *Phæbus* temple go,
To whom our naval triumphs we do owe;
Or unto *Isis* Altars : some prefers

Before all these the three brave *Theaters*.

Or go to see the stout Sword-players fight,

Or at the Hippodrome your selves delight.

Thus covet to be seen, unseen unprov'd,

What is not viewed and known, cannot be lov'd.

What profit were it to have beauteous been,

If thy admired face were never seen ?

Say you more skil'd in songs than *Orpheus* were,

Or *Thamyras*, such if men cannot hear,

How should your musick please ? *Apelles* painted

Venus in *Cois*, else her fame had tainted,

And dyed in *Lethe* ; he redeem'd her name.

What hunt the sacred Poets but for fame ?

Only for fame their labouring spirits they spend :

Of all their vows, fame is the scope and end.

But see what alteration rude time brings ;

Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.

Large were their gifts ; and sacred Majesty

Belong'd to such as studied poetry.

Ennius's statue next to *Scipio's* is,

Though in *Calabrian* mountains born he was.

Unhonoured now the Ivy garland lyes :

The ancient worship done to Poets dyes :

Yet we should strive our own fames to awake.

Homer a living lasting work did make,

His *Iliads* call'd, else who had *Homer* known ?

Had *Danaë* in her tow'r an old wife grown,

And never unto publick view resorted,

How had her beauty been so far reported ?

The
digni-
ty of
Poets.

You

You that applause would for your beauties win,
 Be oft abroad, and keep not too much in.
 At the full folds the she wolf seeks her prey,
 Though amongst all she steals but one away.
Joves bird the Eagle when she soars most high,
 To seise on fowl, doth at the covey fly.
 Frequent you fair ones, where men may you see,
 'Mongst many one perchance will fancy thee.
 In every place where thou shalt hap to sit,
 Lose none by frowns whom thou by smiles maist get.
 The bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent :
 And oftentimes things fall by accident.
 Be thou prepar'd, hang always out thy hook :
 For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst look,
 A fish by chance may bite. Oft have I seen (been :
 The wandering hound range where no game hath
 And harts that scape the chase, when no man minds
 them,
 Fall in the toyls, and there the keeper finds them.
 What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound
 Unto a rock, a lover to have found :
 Being prepar'd for death, beset with fears,
 Blubberd thy cheeks, thy eye quite drownd in tears?
 At burial of one husband well I wot,
 Another husband hath been oft times got.
 Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee,
 And in the bosome of a second place thee.
 But in your choice especially beware,
 Of such effeminate men as starch their hair,
 Prank up themselves, who lisp and cannot leave it,
 Love complement, and use to smell of Civit :
 They have a thousand loves, what they protest
 To thee, they'l do the same to all the rest.
 Unstaid such be, and what will women say,
 When in their thoughts men are more light than they
Scarce

Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
 Troy had yet stood, and *Ilium* been in view,
 Had every thing been swaid as *Priam* spake,
 But good advice they leave, fond counsel take.
 There are who under show of love do fain,
 And by such passage seek dishonest gain :
 Let no mans hair deceive with powders sweet,
 Nor studded girdles which are short and meet :
 Nor that he does fine silken vestments wear,
 Nor that each finger does a Gold Ring bear.
 Perhaps who in this kind most gallant goes,
 Is a close thief, and loves nought but your clothes.
 Some Maids thus rob'd, so loud cry for their own,
 That all the town and country hears their moan.
Venus whose golden shrines at *Appian* stand,
 And *Pallas* laugh to see these strifes in hand.
 There are some Maids too sure but of bad fame,
 Who oft deceiv'd are thought to use the same.
 Oh learn by others plaints to hear your own,
 Ope not your doors to men whose frauds are known.
 Believe not *Theseus*, *Athenians*, though he swear,
 The Gods can witness no more than they hear.
 By thee, *Demophoon*, to false *Theseus* heir,
Phyllis deceived was by speeches fair.
 If men make promises. then maids make you :
 If men perform, perform your vow'd joyes too.
 Now i'le come nearer, Muse take faster hold,
 Nor lose thy seat the wheels though swiftly rold.
 Does thy sweet-heart by Letters make his way ?
 Appoint some maid the messenger to pay :
 Look on them, read them, from the words then gather
 Whether he feigns or sues intirely rather.
 After some while write back : for short delays
 Inflame a lover ; but not tedious stays.

Shew

Comply not quickly with the youth's desires,
 Nor yet too long deny what he requires.
 Let him both fear and hope, by every letter,
 Be his fear less, his hope come sure and better.
 Be your phrase pure, but common usual words,
 In speech the plainest stile best grace affords :
 Full oft ambiguous words do love misplace,
 And a foul tongue hath hurt a beauteous face.
 But since, although you yet not married be,
 To go beyond us men that care take ye.
 By maids or some known lad your letters send,
 And to no strange young man tokens commend.
 I have seen some maids so terrified with this,
 That ever after they were slaves I wisse.
 Faithless he is who keeps such tokens back,
 And burns like *Aetna*, till he ope the pack.
 Trust me we may with fraud quit fraud again,
 By force to shield from force the laws maintain.
 One maid must use her self to many hands ;
 Ill speed they who gave cause for this command.
 Deface the old seal when you do reply,
 And to one writing but one hand apply.
 Subscribe your letters thus, Thine in all love,
 Be his, as he was yours ; this art approve.
 If from small things we may to greater go,
 And in our ship our full sail spread to show.
 It longs to beauty to have manners mild,
 Sweat peace fits women, fierce rage savage wild.
 Rage swells the face, the veins makes black with blood,
 The eyes blaze ghastly like fell *Gorgons* brood.
 Away, quoth *Pallas*, I don't so feature prize,
 When on the crystal stream she cast her eyes,
 And should you look your anger in your glass,
 You'd scarce discern your visage whose it was.

For do we less blame proud and lofty looks,
 Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupid's* hooks.
 We men do hate this over-weening pride
 Shown in the silent face, trust him hath tri'd.
 View him views you; if men then women smile;
 Signs made to you, make signs, 'twill men beguile.
 Thus whiles he plays before with headless dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.

Pride

We hate the sad; *Ajax Tecmessa* take:
 We merry *Greeks* blith wenches sweet-hearts make.
Adromache and *Tecmessa*, all your state
 Could not move me to chuse you for my mate.
 Take gifts of rich men who do law profess;
 Without fee be his Client, he'll need less.

We that make verse, let us send only verse,
 Our hearts are pliant, whom love soon doth pierce.
 We spread abroad sweet beauties lasting praise;
 We *Nemesis*, we *Cynthias* honour raise.

Poets.

The East and the West land knew lov'd *Lycoris*,
 And many ask who our *Corinna* is.

Whides we Poets from all frauds are free,
 And forward manners by our Poetry.

Our honour us, nor love of money please,
 We sleight our games for privacy and ease,
 When are we caught, our loves burn fierce and bold;
 And where we love, we know too well to hold.

'Tis, we soften nature by meek art,
 And as our studies, so our loves take part:

Favour Maidens to blest Poets will,
 Whence power we have, the Muses own us still.

God is in us, we commerce with *Jove*.

The spirit in us, 'bove your bright stars both move.

Look for money from us, what a crime!

And yet no Maids do fear it in our time.

At

At first be not too eager, but beware,
 A novice lover slights an open snare.
 Nor do we rule a horse new broke to back
 With the same reins, as he that's skil'd to rack.
 To catch one staid in years, and a brisk swain,
 Must not one way, may not one course be tain.
 Hee's rude, and in loves tents ne're seen before,
 Who as a new prey touch'd thy chamber door.
 Who knows no maid but thee; none else would know
 This corn would be high fenc'd that it may grow.
 If one, he is thy own; no rivals frown;
 Two things admit no mate, Love and a Crown.
 That ancient souldier's wife, and softly loves,
 And what a younger scorns he meekly proves.
 He'll break no posts, nor burn with furious fire,
 Nor scratch his Mistress soft cheeks in his ire;
 He'll tear no clothes, his sweet-hearts nor his own,
 Nor shall his torn hair give him cause of moan.
 These things fit youths, whose age in love is hot;
 This bears harsh wounds gently as they were not.
 Old men burn softly like a torch that's wet,
 Like green wood from the Forrest lately fet.
 Old mens love's sure, youth's short, but fruitful made
 Maids pluck those fruits betimes, betimes which fade
 Nay yield up all, ope the gates to your foe;
 That faith from faithless treasure once may flow.
 What's easie granted, long love cannot feed;
 Repulse sometimes will make it to proceed.
 Let them walk at the gate, cry cruel dore,
 Do humbly much, but in their threats much more.
 We loath these sweets, till bitter makes them new,
 The wind oft drown'd the ship by which it flew.
 'Tis this makes men their wives to slight so still,
 They're ready prest when ere their husbands will.

Let the Maid run and cry We are undone,
 And hide the frightened youth till fear be gone.
 Yet sport him midst these fears, lest he misprise.
 Your nights not so much worth such fears should rise.
 I had like to ha' past, by what are to deceive
 Your husband, and sly keeper to bereave.
 Wives fear your husbands, nor their goodness tire;
 This law, and right and modesty require.
 But if he o're you keep too strict an eye;
 To cheat him, to these rules your selves apply.
 As many keep thee as had *Argus* eyes,
 If thou'rt resolv'd thou shalt defeat with lyes.
 Suppose your keeper hinder you to write,
 You may conveigh a Letter out of sight
 In Panders shooes; or if you paper lack,
 Instead of paper you may use her back.
 Or when you will, you may complain your head,
 And fainting sick, hide whom you will in bed:
 When the false key tells plainly what is done,
 And to your chamber are more ways than one.
 Besides a keeper may be foxt with wine,
 Prest from the grapes of *Spain*, and so made thine:
 And there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,
 And shut the eyes fast drencht in *Lethe* deep.
 You know Maids too may quickly find some way
 By long made sports to hold him in delay.
 But what need I for to go far about,
 When one small gift may buy the keeper out?
 Gifts trust me do appease both Gods and men,
 By gifts even *Jove*, is pleased now and then.
 What do the wise, since in gifts fools delight:
 Give, and the Husband says nought, say he might.
 Hast bought thy keeper once, he's thine for ever:
 The help he once affords he'l fail thee never.

To de-
 ceive
 the
 most
 watch-
 ful
 keeper

I blam'd companions, now it comes to mind,
 The hurt by it not men alone do find.
 Believe me, other Maids thy joyes may tast,
 And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast.
 The wench that sweeps the chamber, makes the bed
 With sports of love hath more than once bin sped.
 Let not your waiting Maids be over fair,
 Their Mistriss place by them supplied are,
 Where run I madman? naked 'gainst my foe,
 And ope those ports that may me overthrow?
 The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them;
 The Harts teach not the dogs to run and shake them;
 Look to't that need: my task I'll do indeed,
 Though 'tis to lend a sword to make me bleed.
 'Tis easie to make us think We are beloved,
 Their faith which to desire is quickly moved.
 Smile lovely on a youth, sigh from your heart.
 Ask why he comes so late? a pretty art.
 Shed some few tears, feign grief for some close love,
 And tear your hair as doth your passions move.
 He's straight o'recome, and pity he will take,
 And say his care is only for my sake.
 If he be spruce, and look fair in the glass,
 He'll think the Gods love him; let not this pass.
 Who ere thou art be not thy wrath so strong,
 Nor rage not overmuch, hath he done wrong?
 Trust not too soon: how thou wilt that repent,
 Pocris example is a monument.
 Near to Hymettus hill a holy well,
 And a moist ground, thick grass the ancients tell,
 The wood's but underwood; about this land,
 The Crab-tree, Rosemarie, Bay, Mirtle stand,
 The thick leav'd Box, the Tamarisk so small,
 Low shrubs, neat Pines; there do these trees grow all.

The
 history
 of Pro
 cris.
 The
 del-
 crip-
 tion of
 Hymet
 tus.

The

he gentle-West wind and the heathful air,
 Now all those leaves and grassblades which are there:
Cephalus lov'd rest, his hounds and men forgone,
 weary in youth, this ground oft sat upon;
 and thus he sings, Thou which dost lay my heart,
 and my breast swage, come gentle air and beat.
 the overdutious told his fearful wife;
 these words she heard, and so began the strife:
Procris who for a strumpet took this air,
 fell down much moved with a sudden fear.
 Look how the vine leaf which you latest gather,
 looks so pale, or far more paler rather:
 the ripe Quince-tree which doth bend his bough,
 the dog-tree fruit, which none for meat allow.
 Come to her self, her garments quite she tore
 from off her breast, and made her breast all gore.
 and without stay in rage and hast she goes,
 her hair about her neck like *Bacchus* throws:
 being near the place, her mates she leaves behind,
 runs flily to the wood, no fear in mind.
 Is thus, thou think'st now, who this air should be,
 and her dishonest tricks thine eye shall see:
 her coming shames her now, she would not take her,
 yet now she's glad she's come, love doubtful makes
 the name, the place, the sign, all these agree, (her.
 and what the mind fears, that it thinks to be.
 being the grass so by some body prest,
 her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast:
 Now the Mid-day had made the shadows short,
 the evening and the morn bare equal part:
 young *Cephalus* returns unto the wood,
 and cools his face with water as he stood.
Procris stands close, on the grass he lays him fair,
 and cries aloud, Blow west wind, come sweet air.

So

So soon as she had heard th' erroneous name,
 Her mind and her true colour to her came;
 She rises, with her body the leaves shake,
 In mind to *Cephalus* her way to make:
 He thought it some wild beast, snatcht up his bow,
 His arrow in his right hand wont to show,
 What dost thou wretch, 'tis no beast; stay thy date,
 Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart:
 She cries out, thou hast stroke my loving breast,
 Upon this place thy wounds shall ever rest.
 I dye before my time, not wrong'd in love,
 This earth made me suspect thee light to prove;
 Air take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust,
 I dye, close thou mine eyes, lay me in dust.
 She ended speech and life, and falling down,
 Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
 He bears his dying love in woful arms,
 And wails with tears so strange and deadly harms.
 But let us back, I see I must be plain,
 That our lost ship may to its haven gain.
 You look now to be brought unto a feast:
 And that we teach you here in as the rest.
 Come late, but comely come, brought in by night,
 Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might.
 Though thou be black thou shalt seem fair to all,
 The night will hide thy faults both great and small:
 Eat neatly with your fingers, art commands;
 Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands,
 Eat not too long, leave ere you would forbear;
 More than thou well canst do, this counsel hear.
 Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate:
 And say, my rape is foolish out of date.
 To drink is comely: and more fit for you:
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*, this is true.

Drink,

drink, but yet no more than you well can bear,
 and what is one, let it not two appear.
 A shameful thing to see a woman drunk,
 such a one is fit to be each knaves punk.
 nor is it safe to sleep the tables drawn,
 such shameful things have in your sleeps been sawn.
 tis shame to teach you more, yet *Dion* says,
 shame is the chiefest object of these layes.
 each know your selves; as you your bodies see,
 to frame your lying in form that it may be.
 whose face is beauteous, she must lye upright,
 whose back is best that still must be in sight :
Plantæ's thighs upon his shoulders bore
Alanson; be these best, shew them the more.
 now Maids must ride; *Thebais* was somewhat long,
 we're sat on *Hætors* horse her pride among.
 who hath a long side, which shou'd have in eye,
 let her knees bend, and be her neck awry.
 whose hidden parts have not a fault or spot,
 ye ever sidelong, pray forget it not.
 nor think it a disgrace your hair to loose,
 and then thy neck cast backward still to choose.
 thou that art rugged, close and hidden ly,
 and from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly.
 love hath a thousand ways; most void of Pride,
 to lye half upright on the righter side.
Hollo's Tripas, nor horned *Ammon* say |
 thought that's more true than what is in our lay.
 there be truth in art, got by long use,
 Believe and trust, you'll find it in our muse.
 Maids see you love us men from the deep root,
 one thing may help you and stead us to boot: (sweet,
 cease not fair words, cease not your whispering
 and wanton words must with your sports oft meet.

Gest-
 ures in
 lying.

And

And thou whom nature hath bar'd loves quick sense
Feign pleasant joys, though the things be from thence
Unhappy Maid, to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman should be full.

Yet when you feign, beware let none else know it,
For fear thy gesture or thy eyes may show it.

Thy breath, and voice such pleasures plainly shew;
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still.

Who seeks a man after enjoyment straight
Gifts to bestow, would not her prayers had weight;
Ope not your windows wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night.

Con- Our sport is done, 'tis time the swans depart,
clusion Which on their necks, as yokes have drawn our art,
of the As *Men* before, say *Maids* when ye prevail,
work. *Ovid* our Master was, his art our fail.

FINIS.



T H E

R E M E D Y

O F

L O V E

W H E N *Cupid* read this title, streight he said,
 Wars, I perceive, against me will be made;
 But spare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet so,
 Who oft hath born thy Ensign 'gainst thy foe.
 I am not he by whom thy Mother bled,
 When she to heaven on *Mars* his horses fled.
 I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
 And if thou ask, what I do still? I Love.
 Nay I have taught by art to kep loves course,
 And made that reason which before was force.
 I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
 Nor what I have once written to destroy.
 If any love and find his Mistriss kind,
 Let him go on and sail with his own wind;
 But he that by his love is discontented,
 To save his life my Verses were invented.

E

Why

Why should a Lover kill himself? or why
 Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?
 Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still,
 Thy reign is soft, play then, and do not kill.
 Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
 Make Lovers meet by stealth, and steal a kiss:
 Make them to fear, lest any overwatch them,
 And tremble when they think some come to catch
 And with those tears that lovers shed all night (them.
 Be thou content, but do not kill out-right.
 Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,
 And said, Write on, I freely give thee leave.
 Come then all ye despis'd that love endure,
 I that have felt the wounds, your Love will cure;
 But come at first, for if you make delay,
 Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay.
 The Tree, which by delay is grown so big,
 In the beginning was a tender twig.
 That which at first was but a span in length
 Will, by delay, be rooted past mens strength.
 Resist beginnings, med'cines bring no curing.
 Where sickness is grown strong by long induring.
 When first thou seest a Lads that likes thine eye,
 Bend all thy present powers to descry
 Whether her eye or carriage first will show,
 If she be fit for Loves delights, or no.
 Some will be easie, such an one elect;
 But she that bears too grave and stern aspect,
 Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewel,
 Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.
 If love assail thee there, betime take heed,
 Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed.
 He that to day cannot shake off loves sorrow,
 Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.

Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue
 That he will lead thee all thy life along;
 And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,
 Where thou must either draw, or striving choak.
 Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
 May stop a water drill that wears the sand,
 But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood;
 Mountains will hardly make the passage good.
 But I am out: for now I do begin
 To keep them off, not heal those that are in.
 First therefore (Lovers) I intend to shew
 How love came to you, then how he may go.
 You that would not know what loves passions be,
 Never be idle, learn that rule of me.
 Ease makes you love, as that o'recomes your wills,
 Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.
 Turn ease and idleness but out of door,
 Loves darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.
 As reeds and Willows love the water side,
 So Love loves with the idle to abide.
 If then at liberty you fain would be,
 Love yields to labour, Labour and be free.
 Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
 Nothing to do, and pleasures too exceeding
 Dull all our senses, make our virtue stupid,
 And then creeps in that crafty villain *Cupid*.
 That boy loves ease a life, hates such as stir,
 Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
 Behold thy Countries enemies in Arms,
 At home Love gripes thy heart in his sly charms;
 Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,
 Thy labour may at once o'recome them both.
 If this seem hard, and too unpleasant, then
 Behold the law set forth by God and men;

Sit down and study that: that thou maist know
 The way to guide thy self, and others show.
 Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,
 Learn to assail the Deer with trusty bow, (may ring,
 That through the woods thy well mouth'd hounds
 Whose Eccho better joyes, than love, will sing.
 There maist thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto Venus is no friend.
 The Country will afford thee means enough;
 Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough;
 To follow through the fields the bleating Lamb,
 That mourns to miss the comfort of his Dam.
 Assist the harvest, help to prune the Trees;
 Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.
 Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,
 Which will imploy thy mind and fill thy dish;
 That being weary with these pains at night
 Sound sleeps may put the thoughts of love to flight.
 With such delights, or labours as are these,
 Forget to love, and learn thy self to please.
 But chiefly learn this lesson for my sake,
 Fly from her far, some journey undertake.
 I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told
 Will be enough thy journey to with-hold:
 But when thou find'st thy self most bent to stay,
 Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
 Nor do thou wish that rain and stormy weather
 May stay your steps, and bring you back together:
 Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,
 Lest those respects should turn you back to stay:
 Tell not the clock, nor look thou once behind,
 But fly like Lightning or the Northern wind;
 For where we are too much o'rematcht in might,
 There is no way for safeguard, but by flight.

But some will count my lines too hard and bitter,
 I must confess them hard ; but yet 'tis better
 To fast a while that health may be provoked,
 Than feed at plenteous tables and be choaked,
 To cure thy wretched body, I am sure,
 Both fire and Steel thou gladly wilt endure :
 Wilt thou not then take pains by any Art
 To cure thy Mind, which is thy better part ?
 The hardness is at first, and that once past,
 Pleasant and easie ways will come at last.
 I do not bid thee strive with Witches Charms,
 Or such unholy acts, to cease thy harms :
Circes herself, who all these things did know,
 Had never power to cure her own love so :
 No, take this Medicine (which of all is sure,))
 Labour and absence is the only cure.
 But if the Fates compel thee, in such fashion,
 That thou must needs live near her habitation,
 And canst not fly her sight, learn here of me,
 If thou would'st fain, but canst not yet be free.
 Set all thy Mistris faults before thine eyes,
 And all thy own disgraces well advise ;
 Say to thy self, that she is covetous,
 Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus and thus ;
 Thus hath she sworn to me, and thus deceived ;
 Thus have I hop'd and thus have been bereaved :
 With love she feeds my rival, while I starve,
 And pours on him kisses, which I deserve :
 She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
 Sad looks, no Lovers, but a strangers see.
 All those Embraces I so oft desired,
 To him she offers daily unrequired :
 Whose whole desert, and half mine weigh'd together,
 Would make mine Lead, & his seem cork and feather.

Then let her go, and since she proves so hard,
 Regard thy self, and give her no regard.
 Thus must thou school thy self, and I could wish
 Thee to thy self most eloquent in this.
 But put on grief enough, and do not fear,
 Grief will enforce thy eloquence t' appear.
 Thus I my self the love did once expel
 Of one whose coyness vex'd my soul like hell.
 I must confess she touch'd me to the quick,
 And I, that am Physician, then was sick.
 But this I found to profit, I did still
 Ruminat what I thought in her was ill;
 And, for to cure my self, I found a way,
 Some honest slanders on her for to lay:
 Quoth I, how lamely doth my mistress go!
 (Although, I must confess, it was not so;)
 I said, her arms were crooked, fingers bent,
 Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consum'd and spent:
 Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,
 (When *thus* might in all have ta'en delight)
 But yet because I would no more come nigh her,
 My self unto my self did thus belye her.
 Do thou the like, and though she fair appear,
 Think, vice to vertue often comes too near;
 And in that error (though it be an error)
 Preserve thy self from any further terror.
 If she be round and plump, say, she's too fat,
 If brown, say black, and think who cares for that;
 If she be slender, swear she is too lean,
 That such a wench will wear a man out clean;
 If she be red, say she's too full of blood;
 If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
 If wanton, say, she seeks thee to devour;
 If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sour.

Nay if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,
 Praise it, that in thy presence she may show it:
 As if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
 Never give over till thou make her sing.
 If she have any blemish in her foot,
 Commend her dancing still and put her to't.
 If she be rude in speech; incite her talk;
 If halting lame, provoke her much to walk.
 Or if on Instruments she have small skill,
 Reach down a Vial, urge her to that still,
 Take any way to ease thy own distress,
 And think those faults be, which are nothing less.
 Then meditate besides, what thing it is
 That makes thee still in love to go amiss.
 Advise thee well, for as the world now goes,
 Men are not caught with substance but with shows;
 A woman now is so disguis'd with pelf,
 That she her self is least part of her self.
 I know a woman hath in love been troubled
 For that which Taylors make, a fine neat Doublet.
 And men are even as mad in their desiring,
 That oftentimes love Women for their tyring;
 He that doth so, let him take this advice,
 Let him rise early, and not being nice,
 Up to his Mistresses chamber let him hie,
 Ere she arise, and there he shall espie
 Such a confusion of disordered things,
 In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawns, and Rings,
 That sure it cannot chuse but much abhor him,
 To see her lye in pieces thus before him;
 And find those things shut in a painted box
 For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
 Once I my self had a great mind to see
 What kind of things women undressed be,

And found my sweet-heart, just when I came at her,
 Screwing her teeth, and dipping rags in water ;
 She mis'd her periwig, and durst not stay,
 But put it on in hast the backward way ;
 That had I not on th' sudden chang'd my mind,
 I had mistook and kiss'd my love behind.
 So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,
 Watch out thy time, and take her unawares :
 Or rather put the better way in proof,
 Come thou not near, but keep thy self aloof.
 If all this serve not, use one medicine more,
 Seek out another Love, and her adore ;
 But chuse out one, in whom thou well maist see
 A heart inclin'd to love and cherish thee.
 For as a River parted slower goes,
 So, Love thus parted still more evenly flows.
 One Anchor will not serve a Vessel tall,
 Nor is one hook enough to fish withal.
 He that can solace him, and sport with two,
 May in the end triumph as others do.
 Thou that to one hast shew'd thy self too kind,
 Maist in a second much more comfort find :
 If one Love entertain thee with despight,
 The other will embrace thee with delight :
 When by the former thou art made accurst,
 The second will contend t' excell the first,
 And strive, with love, to drive her from thy breast :
 (" That first to second yields, women know best.)
 Or if to yield to either thou art loth,
 This may perhaps acquit thee of them both :
 For what one love makes odd, two shall make even,
 Thus blows with blows and fire with fire's outdriven.
 Perhance this course will turn thy first loves heart,
 And when thine is at ease cause hers to smart.

her, If thy loves rival stick so near thy side,
 Think, women can Copartners worse abide,
 For though thy Mistriss never mean to love thee :
 Yet from the others love she'l strive to move thee :
 But let her strive, she oft hath vex'd thy heart,
 Suffer her now to bear her self a part.
 And though thy bowels burn like *Ætna's* fire,
 Seem colder far than Ice, or her desire ;
 Feign thy self free, and sigh not over-much,
 But laugh when sadly grief thy heart doth touch.
 I do not bid thee break through fire and flame ;
 Such violence in love is much to blame :
 But I advise, that thou dissemble deep,
 And all thy passions in thine own breast keep.
 Feign thy self well, and thou at last shall see
 Thy self as well as thou didst feign to be.
 So have I often, when I would not drink,
 Sat down as one asleep and feign'd to wink ;
 Till as I nodding sat, and took no heed,
 I have at last faln fast asleep indeed.
 So have I oft been angry, feigning spight,
 And counterfeiting smiles have laught outright.
 So love, by use doth come, by use doth go,
 And he that feigns well shall at length be so.
 If ere thy Mistriss promis'd to receive thee
 Into her bosom, and did then deceive thee,
 Locking thy rival in, thee out of door ;
 Be not dejected, seem not to deplore,
 Nor when thou seest her next, take notice of it,
 But pass it over, it shall turn to profit :
 For if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,
 She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee :
 But if she prove thee constant in this kind,
 She will begin at length some sleights to find,

How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still
 A servile Captive to her fickle will.
 But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
 Be thou as constant as thou seemest then :
 Receive no messages, regard no lines,
 They are but snares to catch thee in her twines.
 Receive no gifts, think all that praise her flatter ;
 What ere she writes, believe not half the matter.
 Converse not with her servant nor her maid,
 Scarce bid good morrow, lest thou be betray'd.
 When thou goest by her door, never look back ;
 And though she call, do not thy journey slack ;
 If she would send her friends to talk with thee,
 Suffer them not too long to walk with thee.
 Do not believe one word they say is sooth,
 Nor do not ask so much as how she doth ;
 Yea though thy very heart should burn to know,
 Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show,
 Thy careless silence shall perplex her more
 Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o're and o're ;
 By saying thou lov'st not, thy loving prove not,
 For he's far gone in love that says, I love not :
 Then hold thy peace and shortly love will die,
 That wound heals best, that cures not by and by.
 But some will say, alas, this rule is hard.
 Must we not love where we do find reward ?
 How should a tender woman bear this scorn,
 That cannot, without art, by men be born ?
 Mistake me not ; I do not wish you show
 Such a contempt to them whose love you know :
 But where a scornful lass makes you endure
 Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.
 Nor think in leaving Love you wrong your lass,
 Who one to her content already has ;

While

While she doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
 Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many.
 Then, for thy own content, defer not long,
 But cure thy self and she shall have no wrong.
 Among all-cures I chiefly did commend
 Absence in this to be the only friend,
 And so it is, but I would have ye learn
 The perfect use of Absence to discern.
 First then, when thou art absent to her sight,
 In solitariness do not delight:
 Be seldome left alone, for then I know
 A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.
 Fly lonely walks, and uncouth places sad,
 They are the nurse of thoughts that make men mad.
 Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see
 The place where she did give love's rights to thee:
 For even the place will tell thee of those joys,
 And turn thy kisses into sad annoy's.
 Frequent not Woods and Groves, nor sit and muse
 With arms a cross, as foolish lovers use:
 For as thou sitt'st alone thou soon shalt find
 Thy mistress face presented to thy mind,
 As plainly to thy troubled phantasie
 As if she were in presence, and stood by.
 This to eschew open thy doors all day,
 Shun no mans speech that comes into thy way.
 Admit all companies, and when there's none,
 Then walk thou forth thy self, and seek out one;
 When he is found, seek more, laugh, drink and sing.
 Rather than be alone do any thing.
 Or if thou be constrain'd to be alone,
 Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
 For that's the way when thou art eas'd of pain,
 To wound a new, and make thee sick again.

Or if thou hast it, think the painters skill
 Flatter'd her face, and that she looks more ill;
 And think, as thou alone dost musing sit,
 That she her self is counterfeited like it.
 Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd
 To bring one thought of her into thy mind.
 View not her tokens, nor think on her words,
 But take some book, whose learned womb affords
 Physick for souls, there search for some relief
 To guile the time and rid away thy grief.
 But if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,
 Think what a deal of precious time was spent
 In quest of her; and that thy best of youth
 Languish'd and dyed while she was void of truth.
 Think but how ill she did deserve affection,
 And yet how long she held thee in subjection.
 Think how she chang'd, how ill it did become her,
 And thinking so, leave Love, and fly far from her.
 He that from all infection would be free,
 Must fly the place where the infected be,
 And he that would from loves affection fly,
 Must leave his Mistres walks and not come nigh.
 "Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,
 "And wounds do soon from new heal'd scars arise.
 As embers touch't with sulphur do renew,
 So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.
 If then thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee:
 And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee.
 For her aspect will raise desire in thee,
 And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.
 If e're she sent thee letters, that ly by,
 Peruse them not, they'll captivate thy eye:
 But lap them up and cast them in the fire,
 And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.

If ere thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,
 Go not to fetch them back, for it is better
 That she detain a little paltry pelf,
 Than thou should'st seek for them and lose thy self.
 For why? her sight will so enchant thine heart,
 That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my Art.
 But if by chance there fortune such a case
 Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,
 Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
 For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force:
 Against thou go'st, curl not thy head and hair,
 Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;
 Nor be not in so neat and spruce array,
 As if thou meant'st to make it holy-day;
 Neglect thy self for once, that she may see
 Her love hath now no power to work on thee.
 And if thy rival be in presence too,
 Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
 Drink to him, carve him, give him gentle words,
 Return all courtesies that he affords:
 Salute him friendly, give him complement,
 This shall thy Mistress more than thee torment:
 For she will think by this thy careless show
 Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.
 But if thou canst perswade thy self indeed
 She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
 That no man loves her but thy self alone,
 And that she shall be lost when thou are gone;
 Thus sooth thy self, and thou shalt seem to be
 In far more happy taking than is she.
 For if thou think'st she's lov'd; and loves again,
 Hell fire will seem more easie than thy pain:
 But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spie
 The man she most affecteth standing by,

And

And see him grasp her by the tender hand,
 And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
 When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
 Or whether on some meeting they agree;
 If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,
 And canst perform more than thy teacher can:
 If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
 I will give o're to teach, and learn of thee.
 But this way I would take among them all,
 I would pick out some Lads to talk withal,
 Whose quick inventions, and whose nimble wit
 Should busie mine, and keep me from my fit;
 My eye with all my art should be a wooing,
 No matter what I said, so I were doing;
 For all that while my Love should think at least
 That I, as well as she, on love did feast.
 And though my heart were thinking of her face,
 Or her unkindness, and my own disgrace,
 Of all my present pains by her neglect,
 Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
 Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,
 Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
 But, if thou canst, of all that present are
 Her conference alone thou shouldst forbear;
 For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
 Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
 If she begin once to confer with thee,
 Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
 When she begins to talk, imagine streight,
 That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
 Then call to mind some business or affair,
 Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;
 That while such talk thy troubled fancie stirs,
 Thy mind may work and give no heed to hers.

Alas,

Alas, I know mens hearts, and that full soon
 By womens gentle words we are undone.
 If women sigh or weep, our souls are griev'd,
 Or if they swear they love, they are believ'd :
 But trust not thou to oaths if she should swear,
 Nor hearty sighs, believe they dwell not there.
 If she should grieve in earnest or in jest,
 Or force her arguments with sad protest,
 As if true sorrow in her eye-lid sat ;
 Nay if she comes to weeping, trust not that.
 For know that women can both weep and smile
 With much more danger than the Crocodile.
 Think all she doth is but to breed thy pain,
 And get the power to tyrannize again.
 And she will beat thy heart with trouble more
 Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.
 Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,
 But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue.
 Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare
 (Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.
 Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
 From hence a thousand snares and arrows fly.
 No, let her not perceive by sighs or signs
 How at her deeds thy inward soul repines.
 Seem careless of her speech, and do not hark,
 Answer by chance as though thou didst not mark.
 And if she bid thee home, straight promise not,
 Or break thy word as if thou hadst forgot.
 Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
 And if she be not earnest, do not go.
 Feign thou hast business and defer the meeting,
 As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
 And as she talks, cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,
 And look among the Lasses that are there.

Compare

Compare their several beauties to her face,
 Some one or other will her form disgrace;
 On both their faces carry still thy view,
 Ballance them equally in judgement true:
 And when thou find'st the other doth excell
 (Yet though thou canst not love it half so well)
 Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her
 More than on those thy judgement doth prefer.
 When thou hast let her speak all that she would,
 Seem as thou hast not one word understood:
 And when to part with thee thou seest her bent,
 Give her some ordinary complement,
 Such as may seem of courtesie not love,
 And so to other company remove.
 This carelesnes in which thou seem'st to be,
 (How ere in her) will work this change in thee,
 That thou shalt think for using her so sleight,
 She cannot chuse but turn her love to spight:
 And if thou art perswaded once she hates,
 Thou wilt beware and not come near her baits.
 But though I wish thee constantly believe
 She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive;
 Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,
 That which seems ill in her do not thou do;
 'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,
 Where thou didst love, to hate instead of it;
 And thou maist shame ever to be so mated
 And joyn'd in love with one that should be hated.
 Such kind of love is fit for Clowns and Hinds,
 And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
 For there can be in man no madness more
 Than hate those lips he wish'd to kisse before;
 Or loath to see those eyes, or hear that voice
 Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoyce;

Such

Such acts as these much indiscretion shows,
 When men from kissing turn to wish for blows :
 And this their own example shews so naught,
 That when they would direct they must be taught.
 But thou wilt say, for all the love I bear her,
 And all the service, I am ne'r the nearer ;
 And which the most of all doth vex like hell,
 She loves a man ne'r lov'd her half so well :
 Him she adores, but I must not come at her,
 Have I not then good reason for to hate her ?
 Answer no, for make the case thine own,
 And in thy glass her actions shall be shown :
 When thou thy self in love wert so far gone,
 Say, could'st thou love any but her alone ?
 I know thou couldst not, though with tears and cries
 These had made deaf thine ears, and dim thine eyes.
 Would'st thou for this that they hate thee again ?
 If so thou wouldst, then hate thy love again :
 Your faults are both alike ; thou lovest her,
 And she in love thy rival doth prefer :
 If then her love to him thy hate procure,
 Thou shouldst for loving her like hate endure :
 Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
 Are not address'd to turn thy love to spight,
 But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
 That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move ;
 In which, when once thou find'st thy self at quiet,
 Learn to preserve thy self with this good diet.

The

The Conclusion.

Sleep not too much, nor longer than asleep
 Within thy bed thy lazie body keep;
 For when thou warm awake shalt feel it soft,
 Fond cogitations will assail thee oft:
 Then start up early, study, work, or write,
 Let labour (others toyl) be thy delight.
 Eat not too much, or if thou much do eat,
 Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:
 Abstain from wine, although thou think it good;
 It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood:
 Use thyself much to bath thy wanton limbs,
 In coolest streams, which o're the gravel swims:
 Be still in gravest company, and fly
 The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
 Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight;
 To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite;
 Come not at all where many women are,
 But like a Bird that lately scap'd the snare,
 Avoid their garish beauty; fly with speed,
 And learn by her that lately made thee bleed.
 Be not too much alone; but if alone,
 Get thee some modest book to look upon;
 But do not read the lines of wanton men,
 Poetry sets thy mind on fire agen:
 Abstain from Songs and Verses, and take heed
 That not a line of love thou ever read.

THE LOVES
OF
HERO
AND
LEANDER,

A mock POEM:

WITH
Marginal Notes, and other choite Pieces
OF
DROLLERY.

Got by heart, and often repeated by divers
witty Gentlemen and Ladies, that use to walk in
the *New Exchange*, and at their recreations in
Hide Park.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year, 1677.

TO

THE

OF

TO

OF

THE

LOW

THE

I
Up
w
Hi
An
W
An
Th
As
So
Or
Bu
As
So
W
He
Bu

The Famous Greek and Asian story
Of Honor'd Male and Female Glory.
Know all, I value this Rich Gem,
With any piece of C. J. M.
Nay more than so, I'll go no less,
Than any script of Friend J. S.

This
was
the Au
thors
Pro-
logue.

Of Young Leander, and of Hero,
I now begin ; Dum Spiro, spero.

LEANDER being fresh and gay,
As is the leek, or green popey ;
Upon a morn both clear and bright
When Phæbus rose and had bedight
Himself with all his Golden rayes ;
And pretty birds did pearch on sprays :
When Marigolds did spread their leaves,
And men begin to button sleeves :
Then young Leander all forlorn,
As from the Oak drops the acorn ;
So from his weary bed he slipt,
Or like a School-boy newly whipt ;
But with a look as blith to see,
As cherry ripe on top of tree :
So, forth he goes and makes no stand
With Crab-tree Cudgel in his hand.
He had not gone a mile or two,
But gravel got into his shooe.

His
hair
was
pow-
dred.

He

Note
here,
every
thing
is the
worſe
for
wear-
ing.
All
men
can-
not be
Scho-
lars.

He ſets him down upon a bank,
To dry his foot, and reſt his ſhank.
And ſo with finger put in ſhooe,
He pull'd out dirt and gravel too.
This was about the waſte of day :
The middle, as the vulgar ſay.

Fair Hero, walking with her Maid,
To do the thing cannot be ſtaid,
Spi'd young Leander lying ſo,
With pretty finger picking toe.

She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
In privy walk, and then anan
She ſtept behind a Pop'ring tree,
And liſtned for ſome Novelty ;
Leander having clear'd his throat,
Began to ſing this pleaſant note.

*Oh, would I had my Love in Bed,
Though ſhe were ne're ſo fell ;
I'de fright her with my Adders head
untill I made her ſwell.*

*Oh Hero, Hero, pity me,
with a Dildo, Dildo, Dildo dee.*

Fair Hero 'gan to ſmile at this,
Leander rais'd 'gainſt tree to piſs,
He plucks me ſtreight his Drabler out,
And with his arms claſpt tree about :

As a-
ny man
in love
may do
it may
be.
O thus, quoth he, O thus—— I coo'd,
Bobbing Rogero 'gainſt the wood.

His blind worm Hero fair did ſee,
His Corral head did lean 'gainſt tree :
Which ſight did make her ſigh and ſob,
To ſee how he 'gainſt tree did bob :

She

he never lov'd him till that hour.
 And him she will invite to tower.

She sat her down to rest her joynts,
 The Springal he unties his points.

Fair *Hero* noted him a while,
 And prettily began to smile,
 To see a comely youth and tall,
 Could not hold that which needs must fall.

Now *Hero* fair had spi'd a vapour,
 And sends her maid with piece of paper;
 But he before the Maid did come,
 Had sav'd that labour with his thumb:
 The Maid with blush turn'd back again,
 Seeing her labour was in vain.

Leander having done his task,
 And made an end ore hedg-nine Lask,
 He turn'd about, and made no bones,
 But with stick rak't for Cherry stones.
 So as he stooped, he spi'd coming,
 A gentle Nymph, whose pace was running.

He could not tell what to suppose,
 But put up shirt into his Hose:

Leander streight did follow Maid,
 Untill he came where *Hero* laid.

Her cheek on hand, her arm on stump,
 Her leg on grafs, on mole-hill rump;

He with a gentle modest gate,
 Plucking his Cap from off his Pare,

He thus bespake her, Lovely-Peat,
 Behold, with running how I sweat!

Oh, would I were that harmless stump,
 Whereon thou lean'st; with that a thump
 Breaks from the intrails of his hose.

Hero was fearful, dreading foes,

* As it
 may be
 Rea-
 der thy
 self
 hast
 done.
 † Ob-
 serve
 in this
 the
 child-
 ishness
 of a
 Lover

* Mean-
 ing in
 to his
 Bre-
 ches.

Seeing

Seeing a Cannon 'gainst her bent,
 That seem'd to level at her tent :
Leander having felt the scape,
 And spi'd the Maid to laugh and gape :
 He then began to smell a Rat,
 And stole his hand down under's Hat.
Hero did note his *Roger* good,
 And how courageously it stood ?
 At length she asked him his name,
 And wherefore that he thither came.

Quoth he, my dwelling is *Abidos*,

* *True* * This is my walk Wednesdays and Fridays,

lovers I love to see the Squirrils play,
walk With bow and bolt I them do fray.

on Fri My name is young *Leander* call'd,
days. My Father's rich, and yet he's bald :
 Enough, quoth *Hero*, say no more,
 Mum-bug, quoth he, 'twas known of yore.

Now *Heroes* love began to curdle,
 She wisht his head under her girdle.

If so she had, I make no doubt,
 But it would dash its own brains out ;

And yet the *Stale* be n'er the worse.

† *As* I may compare the head to purse,
one Whose mouth is fastned to a string,

would And if the knot she chance to wring,
say, The money white will issue out :

wide † He shouts most wide that hits the clout.
quoth Now *Heroes* love could not be hid.

walks Come hither, love, 'tis I that bid.
when Fear not, my Love, to taste my lip,

his Imagine me to be thy Ship :

was in Guide thou the Rudder with thy hand,
the bed And in my Poop fear not to stand :

straw

Stand to thy tackle on the hatches,
 My Gunner room is free from matches:
 Pull up my Sail to thy main yard,
 My compass use thou, and my Card:
 Lay thou thy anchor where thou please,
 In broad, or in the narrow Seas,
 And though the foaming Ocean fret,
 Thy anchor's safe though it be wet.
 Quoth she, close by fair *Sestos* stream,
 (With that within her throat rose flegm)
 Near to that place there stands a Cloyster,
 (Poor soul she coughs and voids an Oyfter)
Leander stole his foot upon it,
 And treads it out with veiled Bonnet.
 She thanks *Leander* for his pains,
 And for another softly strains:
 Her choler laid, she said, mark well:
 And understand what I thee tell:
 Come then my love in twile of night,
 The time when Owl and Bats take flight:
 In lower window I will place
 A taper bright as eyes in face;
 Which light shall be thy load-star bright,
 Through waves to guide thee in thee night;
 And with that word like Ivy wound
 About his neck arms clasped round:
Venus did ne'r more dote on *Don*,
 Whose heart in love was cold as stone,
 Than *Hero* did on springal young:
 So down they fell together clung,
 Upon a Primrose hill most sweet,
 Their lips being joyned, their tongues did greet,
 So high did grow the fragrant flowers,
 Made fresh by youthful *April* showers.

F

But

Not
 Don
 Diego,
 she ha-
 ted a-
 Spani-
 ard.

But when she saw them ly so close,
 She put the flowers under her nose:
 And so approaching to the place,
 * Where they lay panting face to face;
 So high did grow the herbs so sweet,
 That cover'd them from head to feet;
 Her maid then got into a tree,
 Where plain she might these lovers see.

Leander found the watry brook,
 Where never fish was caught with hook,
 Yet bobbing there had been good store,
 † With great red worms, some three or four.
 Oh, who hath seen a stricken Deer,
 Or from his eyes in water clear,
 A dabled duck with dirt bemir'd?
 So Hero lay with pleasure tir'd.

On Medlar branch the Maid doth sit,
 One * Medlar with a many met;
 Though she was there, there was to see
 Nothing but Medlars on the tree.
 Wee'l leave the Maid upon a crotch,
 Holding by hands, sitting on notch:
 But the sweet sight did so intice,
 That bough was met with her device.

And now Leander gets him up,
 And clos'd the acorn and the cup.
 His Cocko-pintle he did thrust
 Into her Oxlip which was just;
 His Batcelors button, straight as line,
 Made way into her Columbine.
 His hooded Hawk he then did bring her,
 Which she receiv'd with Ladies finger.
 His sprig of time, her Branch of Rue,
 His primrose, and her Violet blue:

Leander

Leander lusty Springal youth
 Did now retire, 'twas so in truth :
 Who, like some youthful prodigal,
 Must needs retire, having spent all.
 He now returned to his friends,
 Who him receiv'd with fingers ends.

The Maid was greedy though but silly,
 She thought too much went by her belly ;
 Oh, she was wrapt with that sweet fight,
 That she did long to enter fight.

By chance a Weaver passing by,
 Looking aside, she did him spie.

Then as *Adonis* horse did fare,
 When he beheld the Freez-land Mare,

Breaking his rains ty'd to a Tree,

And even as like as like may be,

Setting the runt of horse aside ;

Her rubbish did excel in Pride.

She looking earnest at the Weaver,

The medlar-branch sooth did deceive her.

Quoth she, ! alas ! ah me, ah me !

What was I born to fall from tree ?

Her cloaths her head did canopy,

She was all bare from head to knee,

The man accurst, whose trade was scurvy,

Had thought the world had been turn'd topsi-turvy.

Now he did tread as if on eggs,

He saw a Medlar 'twixt her legs :

I know not how they there did settle,

But in the Weaver got his Shettle :

Where we will leave Tom-trumperry,

To talk of other company.

Leander having fetcht his fees,

And *Hero* having covered knees,

Rub-
 bish,
 the Au-
 thor
 takes
 for
 loves
 medi-
 cine.

Quoth she, I know thou art no dodger,
 Sweet have a care of trusty Roger.
 My dear, quoth she, my Lover true,
 Remember what you from me drew:
 Remember you being full of quibblits,
 Remov'd your Hares head from my gibblits,

With that a far off she gan spy,
 A fellow running with one eye.
 He wore, because his head was bald,
 An old hats crown, which hid the scald.

He
 had
 one
 which
 id
 over
 turn.

His nose was crooked, long, and thin,
 As sharp and long appear'd his chin.
 His eye-brows hung upon his cheeks,
 His head did grow like bed of Leeks.

His back did over-look his head,
 One of his arms was door nail dead:

His fingers wore for Liveries

Nails long as Cupids Quiver is:

Upon his back he wore coat blue,

His face would make a dog to spue:

His legs did go four ways at once,

He was all skin, save some few bones.

Then Hero said, The weary hour

Is come for me to go to Tower.

Then farewell, Love Leander, said,

And streight she whistled for her Maid.

By this John Hedgebogg drew him nigh,

For that his name was, not to lye.

His one eye in her face did peer,

Quoth he, who'd thought to find you here?

Come, to your father you must go,

Leander trod upon his toe,

And said with biting of his thumb,

That you saw me, no words but mum;

So put his hands to pocket twice,
 And gave him two Cans or the price:
Leander could no longer keep her,
 Away she goes with this hedg-creeper.
 He now devis'd what course to take,
 Fearing that dough would be his Cake,
 If it were known: So home he goes,
 Passing the time in eating flows.
 His mind doth run on *Heroes* lap,
 At fathers door he now doth rap:
 Which Porter hearing turns the lock,
 With brazil staff, and comely Frock:
 Where we will leave him for a while,
 And unto *Hero* turn our stile.

Slow
 to
 from
 love

Fair *Hero* having past the Spont,
 She now was come into the Cont——
 Tinent of *Sestos*, where she dwelt:
 Her heart in passion 'gan to melt.
 Unto the Tower close she took,
 And with her finger did unhook
 The Casement, looking forth on stream:
 The Star light 'gan on Flood to gleam;
 For now brave *Titan* banisht was,
 Now long leg'd Spiders creep on grafs;
 When Nigthingales do fit and sing,
 With prick 'gainst breast, and Fairyes ring:
 Two hours fill'd hath been the gut;
 Men now begin to go to Rut:
 When man in Rug doth cry in night;
 Look well to locks and fire-light;
 The time when *Thomas* with his team,
 Doth lug out dung, and men 'gin dream:
 When City gates are shut, not open:
 And Dutch men cry what all *A-slopen*.

Here
 the
 Au-
 thor
 shews
 him-
 self a
 Lin-
 guist

About

About this time fair *Hero* stood,
 Watching *Leander* in the flood.
 She calls for smock, and puts off soul,
 Washing her parts with sope in bowl.
 Her foot she washt, O pretty foot,
 (But yet I am not come unto't :)
 Of knee she washt the comely pan,
 And now I come unto't anan ;
 Her thighs she washt with veins so blue,
 Her Pode likewise of sable hue :
 Below the bottom of her belly,
 Did grow a toy of shape most felly :
 Though enough to make a child ascar'd,
 Two Corral lips with a black beard.
 And as that beast that's kept for breed,
 Lets fly her water when she has need,
 Which done, her Funnel she turns out and in,
 Which was so like, as't the same Itad bin.
 Here will we leave her nak'd as nail ;
 And to *Leander* turn our tale.

Forth from his Fathers house he went,
 Much like a Bird-bolt being sent
 From Brazil Bow and trusty string,
 With feathers of the gray goose wing.
 He took him to a trusty rock,
 And stript him to the ebon nock,
 And being naked look't like *Mars*,
 With Purple scab upon his A —
 The seam betwixt his Cod that went,
 Seem'd like to *Cupid*'s bow unbent,
 The Cod his quiver, where his arrows
 Did hang much like a nest of Sparrows.
 But some may think this is a fable,
 He was fring'd with hair from Neck to nav'le.

Fego, faith he, so forth he goes,
 The gravel got between his toes,
 Now fear'd he *Neptune* as a God,
 Still running with his hand on Cod.
 O who hath seen a wanton *Roe*
 Jump o're the Fearn; indeed even so
 The lively Skip-jack mounts and falls,
 And still on *Hero*, *Hero*, calls.
 Even with that word, with speedy motion,
 He leaps into the foaming Ocean,
 Th' enamoured Fishes 'bout him flock,
 Some play in arm-holes, some in nock:
Endymions love then shone outright;
 He spi'd in *Heroes* Tower a light:
 And in the window looking out,
 A lovely face, that seem'd to pout.
 By this fair *Hero* might discern,
Leanders head, but not his Stern,
 That frisk'd underneath the waves:
 And this is all fair *Hero* craves,
 To see him safe within her bed,
 Whom billows beat now on the head.
Leander now turns on his back,
 He yerks out legs and lets arms slack:
 * But then above the water floated,
 The true loves lump which *Hero* noted.
 Fair *Hero* had a goodly sight,
 That could discern so far by night.
 He was much troubled with a Shad,
 That did pursue this lovely Lad.
 The envious fish did so torment him,
 As had't been I, I should have shent him;
 And said, thou art a scabby fish,
 To nibble at fair *Heroes* dish.

Fego
 is a
 word
 of cou-
 rage,
 as we
 cry St.
 Georg

* Here
 you
 must
 note
 no-
 thing
 can be
 hid
 from
 true
 love.
 Here
 the
 Au-
 thor
 piti-
 eth *Le-
 ander*.

Hero did note how he was troubled :
 The water 'bout *Leander* bubbled :
 She looks still forth, kneeling on Mats ;
Ioventus meets a shole of sprats,
 They him besiege on every side,
 Betwixt his arms and legs they glide.
Neptune, the dreadful God of Seas,
 On whom did never stick March Fleas,
 Taking in hand his good Eele spade,
 Towards *Leander* streight he made.
 The Shad and Shole of Sprats did fly,
 At sight of *Neptunes* angry eye.
 The God then turn'd him up-side down,
 And view'd his parts from head to crown :
 He dally'd with his elfine locks,
 And bears him up from shelf and rocks.
 His cheeks, his lips, his chin he kist,
 No-part of Yonker *Neptune* mist.
 Now *Hero* of her love made doubt,
 And wisht him there in yellow clout.
 His thigh so white he still would feel,
 Then he would kick with horn and heel.
 Quoth *Neptune* then, O buxsome Boy,
 Nay of my courting seem not coy.
 Dost hear, live here my lovely Lad,
 I'll give thee Cod, eat Dace and Shad ;
 I am as great a God as *Mammon*,
 Thou shalt have Ling, Poor John and Sammon.
 And if thou sayest thou wilt not blab,
 Thou shalt have Lo'sser, Brawn and Crab.
 I tell thee I am no Curmudgeon,
 Thou shalt have Rotchet, Whiting, Gudgeon.
 The fish that is by Weavers eaten,
 That must be first with beetle bearen,

ing
 the-
 us
 eat.
 ork-
 h.

Of Knights heard never are more Dubbins,
 Thou shalt have green fish and their Gubbins;
 I'll bring thee where thou shalt see Lig;
 The lusty Oyfter, shrimp, and Grig.

Quoth he, thou swimmest without force,
 And calls a Dolphin, mount this horse,
 And when thy mind is somewhat laid,
 Thou shalt arrive gainst Tow'r of Maid.

For well I know thou'rt thither going,
 For all thy grinning, mocks, and mowing,
 I am, quoth he, if thou bee'st wroth,
 Keep in thy breath to cool thy broth:

And so away from him he flies;
 And water stood in *Neptunes* eyes.

But he again, quarrel to pick,
 Said, 'bide with me; quoth he, ne nick.

With that the God, with ireful hand,
 Cast young *Leander* on the sand:

Where we will leave him to say sooth,
 Sucking his tongue with hollow tooth.

The watch of *Sestos* Tower came down;
 With Bill in hand, Murrión on Crown,

Rug-gown on back, Lanthorn in hand,
 By two and two this rusty band,

Did take their way unto the Plat,
 Whereas *Leander* naked sat.

These Sons of night did streight him spy,
 Who's there, quoth one? quoth he, 'tis I,

'Tis I, quoth he, is that an answer?
 It is, quoth he, wer't thou my Gransire:

The wisest of them then did scan,
 And said, sure Neighbours 'tis mere e-man.

Nay said another, that's not so;
 For this hath nails you see on Toe.

thin-
kind-
ness
will
force
tears
some-
time.
He
had
the
tooth
ache

And mere-man hath no feet but fins;
 And this hath legs you see and shins.
 Quoth one, to Sea. I will him hunt,
 Speak if I shall; with that the Cunt——

—— Stable thus spake, what words spake he??

I think, says one, some two or three;
 Go then in peace, and strike him down,
 Then forth steps one with bill so brown,
 A sowl-ey'd Knave lapt up in rug,
 For manners like your Western Pug.
 His name forsooth was cleiped *Wharton*,
 He was e'n born at good *Hogs-Norton*:
 This Dormouse without wit or skill,
 Run at *Leander* with his bill.

Leander lying on his face,
 Not his back, Dunce running his race,
 His hinder parts bore somewhat high,
 Now was he come *Leander* nigh,
 He lifts up bill to cleave a rock,
 Bill fell from hands, Nose struck in nock.

Leander with a start did rise,
 And breaks his Nose fast by his eyes.
 Oh who hath seen an archer good,

This I com-mend Poaking for arrow-head with wood;
 So far'd this Clot-pole nose to find
 And grubbed till his eyes were blind:

But all in vain, the more he strove,
for a search The further in his nose he drove;
 For th' nose indeed it stuck so fast,
ing si- He was forc't to leave it, and agast
mile. He jogs from this unlucky place,

Much grieved at his noseless face.
 His fellows he at last espies,
 Who lifting up their gogling eyes,

They

They hear a voice, and thus it cries,
 My nose, my nose; my nose and eyes.
 And speedily tow'rd them he hasted,
 Without his nose, his face all blasted.
 Away they ran for fear of foes,
 Kib'd heels to save they ran on toes.
 For hast we leave them running still,
 And to *Leander* turn our quill.

Hero was all this while in dumps;
 Now 'gins he to bestir his stumps.
 Truth for to say, he now did smart,
 He could not pull out nose by art.
 Well to be short for fear of watch
 He runs to Tow'r and pulls the latch.
 Divinest *Hero* was in bed,
 The door being ope, he in doth tread:
 Yet that no soul should hear him travel,
 From feet he wipes the stony gravel:
 So goes me on nearer and nearer,
 And with one eye did underpeer her.
 Night being warm, the cloaths were off,
 Sooth 'twas enough to catch a cough:
Leander thought it was no matter,
 Though teeth within his head did chatter.
 One hand he put upon her toe;
 The other on her buggle-boe;
 Quoth he thus softly, *Hero, Hero*;
 Away quoth she, and come not near, oh.
 Yet thus she said when she was waked,
 Fye upon pride when men go naked.
 A glimmering taper stood by bed;
 Which in and out did put his head:
 And by that light she did him know,
 Standing like image of Rye-dough;

The well hung youth then spake this word,
 Quoth he I must lay knife aboard,
 I've swum, quoth he, through thick and thin,
 Brine waves have beat both neck and chin.

Leander in her Haven casts Anchor.

He rides secure in *Heroes* rode,
 Now he begins to lay on load.
 I'm come through watch and their brown bats,
 Now *Hero* feels his twittle-cum-twats.
 Alas poor soul she did not strive ;
Leander at her rump let drive.
 He now forgot as I suppose,
 That in his hobler there was nose.
 I'm come, said he, from side of shore,
 Where lowsie beggars sat of yore.
 And now the beggar makes me sing
 The love of the *Camphetuan* King :

Leanders tale.

On this green bank he first did spy,
 One sunny day the beggar lye,
 Displaying to fair *Phœbus* fire,
 The Marigold of Loves desire.
 To Marigold I it compare,
 'Cause 'twas the colour of her hair,
 Which still to *Titan* was display'd.
 In window King stands rich array'd,
 And spies by chance a beggar lye,
 Back to the ground, face to the Sky.
 Then like the *Snake* she cast her skin,
 Whose amel'd body tumbled in.

Her

Her mothers lap in apron green,
 And covered that it was not seen :
 Her hair in goodly elf-locks hung,
 All down her shoulders, and among
 The roots of it, the Dandriff white,
 Like hoared frosts shining by night.
 When *Phœbe* and her silver train,
 The *Yard*, *Orion*, and *Charles Wain*
 Look down upon the Spires of grass ;
 So sprinkled was the head of Lasse.
 She wreath'd her body on one side,
 Her legs a mole hill did divide,
Camphetua's mouth did water shed,
 Fancies and toys were in his head.
 Under her arm did *Cupid* lye,
 And shot *Camphetua* in the eye,
 Who closely stood in window peeping
 Whilst beggar poor on bank lay sleeping.
 He took his love ere she did rise,
 And sung this note with tears in eyes.

It
 might
 have
 been
 any
 mans
 case.

*Oh King, what art thou but a bubble
 That swims in stream so swift ;
 Thy joy soon turns to grief and trouble,
 Much like a boat a drift,
 That severed is from poop of Ship,
 That wanders in the Ocean.
 The beggar turned up her hip,
 Then lay still without motion.*

He takes me his prospective glass.

*My passion shall appear in print,
 Make ready press good Hedger.*

*Say that Cawphetua saw a dint ;
And fell in love with beggar.*

Ah me poor King ! I'm now a captive made
To one that hath no living, land, or trade.
What shall I say in this ? what shall I do ?
Shall I love her to foot hath ne're a shooe ?
I am a King, my state in State is mighty,
Shall I love her who hath sold Aqua vitæ ?
My rich blood boils at this so sweet espial,
Even like a Boar, so chafes my Collop Royal.
He calls for page, and him for water sends ;
This way and that he the proud Grissel bends ;
The reason why his bobber stood so stiff,
Uncover'd lay the silly beggars cliff.

As he was standing his full view to take,
He spy'd her stretch, and stretching 'gan to wake :
Being big with *Thomas*, she held up one leg,
And like the Ant, on mole-hill laid her egg.
Then did she rise with such a rude behaviour,
That Royal nose took winding of that savour ;
Which made him say, behold I come to win thee,
Now I perceive that thou hast something in thee.
Down, down he goes the beggar to behold,
And as he went he calls for purse of Gold.

The End of this Passion.

The beggar now is come to gate of King,
To beg for bread and meat, or bread and ling.
Which when the King beheld within his Portal,
Come, grass and hay ; quoth he, we are all mortal.
She with a crutch did cry, God save his grace.
The honest King bad all forsake the place.

Which

Which when the Lords and all the rest were gone,
Quoth he, speak beggar, and speak words but one.

Wilt thou forsake thy beggars life;
And leave off wearing patches?

Thou shalt no more wear string in knife,

He throws, the beggar catches :

Dear take this purse : nay be not coy :

The simple mute doth stand,

Quoth she, my Liege, *Pardon a moy,*

So fell on knee and hand.

Thou shalt, quoth he, I do not mock,

If thou wilt take my offer,

Have stocking, shoos, and Holland smocks,

Eke gold to put in coffer.

Thy rooms they shall be hung with arras,

Head stuck with silver pins :

Thou shalt no more sell Rosa-solis,

Nor buy the Coney-skins.

But first resolve me truly this,

Hath any tag or rag :

Put Probe into thy Orifice,

Or water'd thy black Nag?

No, doughty Liege, I'll tell you true,

Though poor I have been chaste;

No man did ever here embrace,

Pointing beneath her waist.

With that he took her by the hand,

Which was by *Phœbus* parcht;

Quoth he arise, arise and stand :

To lodg of King they march.

Which when they came in room call'd private,

None but themselves alone,

At lowlie beggar he lets drive at,

'Twas dark, her name was Joan.

Dear Liege, quoth she; away, quoth he;

So lays her down on back;

Tack
by rea-
son it
would
hold
tack.

And with his finger he doth not linger,

But pulls me out his tack.

His Tassel gentle he did put

Into her homely Mew,

His Rounsfal into her Cob-nut,

In bladder were Beans blue.

He laid her head against a stoop,

She knew well his pretence:

He taught the beggar her lyripoop,

And paid her odd five pence.

He used art with both his thumbs,

Quoth she, dread Lord, no more;

His Corral tickled her tooth-gums,

Yet open stood the door:

With finger wet came in a Lord,

Who heard a noise in house;

Says beggar now, dread Lord, no word,

But peace and catch a mouse.

The Noble spy'd them very soon,

And fell low on his knee,

He saw the King in his hony-moon,

And all to be shitten was he.

Quoth Baron bold, *Camphetua* then,

Your grace may have down pallat:

Now he regards not Nobleman,

But to't he goes ding-wallet.

Her
wallet
was
laid
under
her.

Her Hockly-hole Kings should abhor,

Being man was in that place;

He puts in Glastring-uri-core

Before the young mans face:

Well, Nobleman at last 'gan call,

Quoth

Quoth King to Lord, go down,
 And bring me here a Camphire ball,
 I'll wash from head to crown.
 And as you go give order streight,
 Unto the Cook for supper;
 (Thine ear, 'tis matter of much weight)
 Bring brimstone and sweet butter.
 Go get thee gone, and bring with speed
 Those things I have appointed:
 Of Robes bring store, truth is indeed,
 I'll have my King anointed:

Quoth *Hero*, What became of *Yore*,
 Says he, *Omnia vincit amor*.
 He was o'recome and glad to fly,
 To place where muffled he doth ly.

Leander now made end of tale,
 Without shirt lining, or shirt male:
 Indeed his tale was well compact,
 For every word he made an act.
 Her legs were ty'd in true loves knot,
 On top of back, full well I wot:
 Poor soul she lay like cheek of Ox
 Stew'd in a pot, or reeking Socks.
 The lark now sings with cheerful note,
 And morn was come as grey as groat:
 O day, quoth she, to love most cruel!
Hero had mess of water gruel,
 Which stood by bed before provided,
 And hand of *Hero* streight is guided
 To mouth of *Puny* to make strong,
 The knot of loves white-leather thong:
 Then up he flings, and with a start,
 Quoth naked man, I must depart:

First,

First, 'twixt her Pillars, truth to say,
Leander wrote, *Ne ultra*.
 No sooner he from bed did jump,
 Out flew the nose with such a thump,
 That *Heroes* Father in next room,
 Did leave his bed and in did come.
Leander hears the man of age,
 Who call'd for sword unto his page;
 He seeing him come, with much amazement,
 He runs, and creeps out at the casement:
 His *Calta-when-pin-cough*, indeed,
 Was much endangered by his speed,
 For hook of window got it fast,
 And held him there till all agast
 Fair *Hero* rose and went unto him;
 And with her finger did undo him.
 He down does fall without a word:
 At window struck old man with sword.
 Who seeing on floor there ly a nose,
 Quoth he, I've paid him I suppose.
 This was the time when Fryars gray
 Did ring to Mattins break of day:
 When Poets good do wake to plot,
 And drunkard leaves his cloak for shot;
 When Carriers put on shooes and hose,
 And maids do empty stools call'd close:
 That was the time when *Leander* fell
 From forth of window, truth to tell.
 He had forsook his divine Pillows,
 To fall among the raging billows.
 Blue-beard call'd *Neptune*, being mad
 For the disgrace he lately had;
 This is the truth I need not blab;
 Turn'd young *Leander* to a Crab:

And

And made the Proverb, sure 'twas so,
That love must creep wher't cannot go,
And because his dwelling was *Abidos*,
He was doom'd ever to creep side-ways.

Poor *Heroes* sorrow now redoubles,
He left her in a peck of troubles :
A senseless man came to the Tow'r,
One sense he wants having but four.
Now smell my meaning if you can,
With him came *Roger, Thomas, John*;
And all the rest of *Mars* his crue,
Whose eyes were black, some gray, none blue.
This sheepshead rabble comes and knocks,
As they would break ope all the locks,
Fair *Heroes* Father in a rigor,
Hearing that noise, runs down like Tyger.
Quoth he, who's there ? what, are ye drunk ?
And still the more they stir'd they stunk ?
The watch, says one, open the Gate,
The watch says he ? having a shrewd pate.
He ope's the door, and standeth still,
And spake these words, What is your will ?
Our will, quoth they, what call you that ?
And spi'd the Nose pin'd in his hat,
Which when they all of them espi'd,
This, this is he, strike down they cri'd.
Then round about they him inviron,
And up they lift their rusty iron.
He brake away, and bade them chace,
And after they did run apace :

And ran direct, as I suppose,
For still the man did follow his Nose :
He follow'd close with his defect,
And still his nose was his prospect.

The
fourth
part
of a
bushel

Oh,

Oh, had they catcht him then among,
 All their bills at him they had dung.
 But note the pity of the Gods
 Extended to these Hodmandods,
 And first for him that lost his nose,
 (The truth to you I will disclose ;)
 Because his face did seem to scowle,
 The Gods transform'd him to an Owl ;
 And 'cause this was i'th' dead of night,
 They doom'd him never by day-light
 To shew his being ; so God Pan
 Made the first Owl of a Watchman ;
 And when he thought to cry, My Nose ;
Te wit, to boo he shreekt ; and up he rose,
 And being compelled by th' angry God,
 He clapt his wings and flew to *Tod*.
 Yet the Gods fury was not done,
 They were transform'd each mothers son.
 Says one, Ye Gods, is it your will ?
 And spake no more, his mouth turn'd bill :
 And 'cause the Owl he should not mock,
 The Gods made him the first Wood-cock ;
 He wears the form of a watchman still,
 And will for aye, witness his bill.
 One Watchman he did stay behind,
 And he was turn'd to buzzard blind :
 The last was thinking how to run,
 Saying, a fair thred they have spun :
 Because he said these words in spight,
 He liv'd and dy'd a bird of night :
 His ill luck sure I must not smother,
 He did watch that night for another ;
 And for because his shape was ill,
 He never flies but in the twill —

A fa-
 mous
 Surge-
 on in
 his
 time.

In memory of this mischance,
 The Record you may see in *France*,
 Upon each door where they must watch,
 In chalk they set on door or hatch
 The very form of a birds foot:
 In *England* they come nearer to't,
 For the three claws you plainly see,
 That is for every claw a penny.
 But now to old man in a trance,
 We must proceed to his mischance:
 And to his grief, and much misprision,
 We'll tell what hapned in this vision:
 There came to him, 'as 'twere in sight,
 A lovely Lady, but no Knight.
 The Lady seem'd for Lover lost,
 To be on bed of Nettle tost;
 Of Nettle; worse! for to the quick,
 She often had indur'd the prick
 Without complaining, and poor ape,
 To her it seem'd but as a Jape.
 As Poet witty well could say,
 A sport, a merriment, a play.
 But she poor Lady almost frantick,
 As you may see in arras antick;
 With hair dishelv'd romes about,
 Vowing to find *Leander* out,
 And get him in where no base patch
 With painted staff, no rugged watch,
 No nor her Father with head hoary,
 Should come to interrupt the story:
 That is, she meant for her delight,
Leander in her book should write.
 And blame her not to rave with randing;
 For she had lost her understanding;

An
 old
 word,
 but
 young
 men
 use it.

Which

Which standing stiffly to her, might have put
 Some comfort to have cur'd her cut.
 But I too far digress, this fearful sight,
 The aged father from his wits did fright,
 Or them from him, I know not whether;
 But sure I am they want not both together.

A mad old man he was, and so he dy'd.
 Fair *Hero* like the wench that cry'd,
 Till she was turned to a stone,
 For her *Leander* made her moan.
 But when she heard, poor silly drab,
 That he was turn'd into a crab:
 She then fell down as flat as *Flownder*,
 Her flood-gates open'd, and her own water drown'd
 (her.

THE EPITAPH.

They both were drown'd, whil'st Love and
 Fate contended;
 And thus they both pure flesh, like pure fish
 ended.



THE MOCK ROMANCE.

Dwarf,

Fly from the forest Squire: fly trusty spark:
I fear like Child, whom Maid hath left in dark.

Squire,

O coward base, whose fear will never lin,
Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pin:
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,
Laments her Lambkin Knight, and shall I fly?
Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,
When Giant vile calls Knight a sneaking elf?
This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
This Gyant stood on shore of Sea to fish:
For angling Rod, he took a sturdy Oak,
For line a Cable, that in storm ne're broke:
His hook was such, as heads the end of Pole,
To pluck down house e're fire consumes it whole:
His hook was baited with a Dragons tail,
And then on Rock he stood to bob for Whale:
Which straight he caught, and nimbly home did pack
With ten cart load of dinner on his back.
So homeward bent, his eye too rude, and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady, by a hedge a sunning.
That Modicum of meat he down did lay,
(For it was all he eat on Fasting day.)

Then

They come in's rage, he spurns up huge tree roots,
Now stick to Lady Knight, and on with boots.

Enter Gyant, Knight, Damsel.

Gyant,

Bold recreant wight! what fate did hither call thee
To tempt his strength that has such power to maul
How durst thy puling damsel hither wander? (thee
What was the talk you by yond hedg did mander?

Damsel,

Patience sweet, man of might: alas heaven knows,
We only hither came to gather flows,
And bullies two or three; for truth to tell ye,
I've long'd six weeks, with them to fill my belly.
I'fecks, if you'l believ't, nought else was meant sure,
By this our jaunt, which Errants call adventure.

Gyant,

Shall I grow meek as babe, when ev'ry Trull is
So bold to steal my flows, and pick my bullies?

Knight,

Fear not, let him storm on, and still grow rougher,
Thou that art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,
Canst ne'r endure a blemish or eclips,
From such a hook-nos'd, foul mouth'd blobber lips
Ere he shall boast he us'd thee thus to his people,
I'le see him first hang'd high as any steeple.

Gyant,

If I but upward heave my oaken twig,
I'le teach thee play the Tomboy, her the Rig
Within my forest bounds; what doth she ail,
But she may serve as Cook to dress my Whale?
In this her damselfs tire, and robe of Sarfnet,
She shall soufe bore, fry tripes, and wild hogs harsfnet.

Knight,

Knight,

Monster vile, thou mighty ill-bred Lubber,
 Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber?
 Shall Damsel fair (as thou must needs confess her)
 With Canvas apron, Cook thy meat at dresser?
 Shall she that is of soft and pliant mettle,
 (Whose fingers silk would gaul) now scowr a Kettle?
 Though not to scuffle given, now I'll thwart thee,
 Let *Blowze* thy daughter serve for shillings forty,
 'Tis meeter (I think) such ugly Baggages
 Should in a Kitchin drudge for yearly wages,
 Than gentle she, who hath bin bred to stand
 Ne're chair of Queen, with Island Shock in hand;
 At questions and commands all night to play,
 And Amber posslets eat at break of day;
 Or score out husbands in the charcoal ashes,
 With Country Knights (not roaring City Swashes)
 Hath bin her breeding still, and's more fit far,
 To play on Virginals and the Gittar,
 Than stir a Sea-coal fire, or scum a Cauldron,
 When thou'rt to break thy fast on a Bulls chaldron.

Gyant,

Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,
 And deal your Love-rich noddle such a dole,
 That every blow shall make so huge a clatter,
 Men ten leagues off shall ask Ha! what's the matter?

Damsel,

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able,
 And want of breeding makes the proud to squable;
 Yet sure thy nature doth compunction mean,
 Thought (alas!) thy mother was a sturdy Quean:
 Let not meek Lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
 But keep thy blustering breath to cool thy broth.

G

Knight,

Knight,

Whine not my love, his fury streight will waste him,
Stand off a while, and see how I'll lambast him.

Squire,

Now look to't Knight, this such a desp'rate blade is,
In Gaule he swing'd the valiant Sir *Amadis*.

Dwarf,

With bow now *Cupid* shoot this Son of Punk,
With Cross-bow else or Pellet out of Trunk!

Gyant,

I'll strike thee till thou sink where the abode is
Of wights that sneak below, call'd *Antipodes*.

Enter Merlyn,

My art shall turn this combat to delight,
They shall unto fantastick musick fight.

SOME Christian people all give ear
Unto the grief of us:

Caus'd by the death of three children dear;
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,

By fault of a Carpenters Son;
Who to saw chips his sharp Ax lent,
Wo worth the time may *Lon*——

May *London* say, Wo worth the Carpenter,

And all such *Black-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a *Serpent* here,
For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,

Which

Which *Put out* in such flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lies beyond the *Thames*.

For *Loe* the bridge was wondrous high
With water underneath,
O're which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein do breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It fell down not with standing.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewrer dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyl'd* and *roasted* Fishes.

And that the Bridge of *London Town*,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *Fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *Water*.

I'll tell you what the *Rivers* name is,
Where these children did slide-a;
It was fair *London's* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

All on the tenth of *January*,
 To the wonder of much people;
 'Twas frozen o're; that well 'twould bear
 Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabouts,
 Upon a place *too thin*,
 That so at last it did fall *out*,
 That they did all fall *in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
 And with the King great wager makes:
 But when he saw he could not win,
 He sigh't, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
 And laid a hundred pound;
 The King said it would break, and so it did,
 For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*—
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
 VVho then cry'd out as loud as he could,
 O Lon-a Lon a London.

Oh! tut tut turn from thy *sinsful* race,
 Thus did his speech decay:
 I wonder that in such a case,
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, *a lack, a lack*,
 The waterrun down their throats,
 And stopt their breaths three hours by the clock,
 Before they could get any boats.

Ye Parents all that *Children have*,
 And ye that have none yet;
 Preserve your children from the grave,
 And teach them at home to f.t.

For had these at a Sermon been,
 Or else upon dry ground,
 Why then I would never have been seen,
 If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as Huntsman tyes his dogs,
 For fear they should go from him,
 So ty your children with severities clogs,
 Unty'um, and you'll undo'um.

God blefs our noble Parliament,
 And rid them from all fears,
 God blefs all th' *Commons* of this Land,
 And God blefs some o'th' Peers.

The P. I. G.

(1)

I Sing not Reader of the fight
 'Twixt Bayliffs and that doughty Knight
 Sir *Ambrose*, sung before:
 Nor of that dismal Counter-scuffle,
 Nor yet of that Pantofle
 They say the Virgin wore.

(2)

No Turkey-cocks with Pigmies fray,
 Or whether then did get the day,

G 3

Nor

(146)

Nor yet *Tom Coryats* shooes;
Nor yet the swine fac'd Maidens head,
Ith' *Netherlands* they say was bred,
Is subject of my Muse.

(3)

But in Rhime Doggrel I shall tell,
What danger to a Pig befel,
As I can well rehearse;
As true as if the Pig could speak
On Spit, in Prose would either squeak,
Or grunt it out in Verse.

(4)

A boysterous rout of armed Host
Just as the Pig was ready rost,
Rusht in at doors, (God bless us!)
The leader of this warlike rout,
Strong men at arms, and stomach stout,
I ween was Captain *Bessus*.

(5)

They lately had in *Scotland* been,
Where they such store of Sows had seen,
That garr'd them hate their Babbies :
And *Bessus* men near *Norton* lay,
Where Pigs you know on Organs play,
That once belong'd to Abbies.

(6)

It was a tith Pig I confess,
And so the crime might be no less,
Than if't a Cassock wore;
But yet in Orders it was ne'r,
Nor ever preach't, unless it were
Ith' rub the night before.

(7)

Nor was it Popishly inclin'd,

Although

(147)

Although by forrest-law their kind
Are taught to use the Ring:
What though it wore a Scarlet-Coat,
It ne'r appear'd ith' Kirk to vote,
For her fine baby King.

(8)

But right or wrong, such dainty Cates
Were ne'r ordain'd for Reprobates,
The fat o'th' earth is theirs;
The Saints by Faith and Plunder have
An heritage, and must enslave
Malignants and their Heirs.

(9)

Fall on, fall on; they cry aloud,
This Pig's of antichristian brood,
You'l find we are no dastards;
Their teeth so sharp, their stomachs keen
That *Marriots* you would them ween,
Or *Wood* of *Kents* own Bastards.

(10)

But now to tell how from the paws
Of th' unlickt whelps with greedy jaws
This Pig escap'd, hereafter;
As then our bellies 'gan to prank it
(Thanks to *Besse* for that good Banquet)
Will fill your mouth with laughter,

(11)

A sturdy Lads with courage bold,
On Pig, and Spit, and all, laid hold,
And swore she would it rescue;
For whether they their teeth did set,
For anger, or for hunger whet,
She weigh'd not that a rescue.

(148)

(12)

This brave encounter had you seen,
You would have sworn she would be Queen
Of th' Amazons, or Fayries;
And if she make good the retreat,
Her sole Protectress wee'l create
Of Milk-maids and their dayries.

(13)

Up stairs she marcheth in a trice,
And safely convey'd is the Greice
Into my Ladies chamber;
Such holy grounds not trod by those,
Whose armpits, and whose sockless toes,
Are not so sweet as amber.

(14)

The Jews ne'r eat their Paschal Lamb
In half such hast, as we did cram
This Pig unto our dinners:
Like Presbyterians we did feed,
No grace that day our meat did need,
For that belongs to finners.

(15)

And when the story of the Pig
Was done, the petitoes a Jig
Came tripping in at supper;
'Twas meat and drink to us to see
The souldiers by the jade to be
Thus thrust beside the crupper.

O N

(149)

ON
DOCTOR GILL

Master of

PAUL'S SCHOOL.

IN *Pauls* Church-yard in *London*,

There dwells a noble Ferker,

Take heed you that pass,

Lest you tast of his Lash;

Still doth he cry,

Take him up,

Take him up, Sir,

Untruss with expedition.

O the Burchen tool,

Which he winds ith' School,

Frights worse than an Inquisition.

If that you chance to pass there,

As doth the man of blacking,

He insults like a puttock,

O're the prey of the buttock ;

With a whipt Arse sends him packing.

Still doth, &c.

For when this well truss'd Trouncer,

Into the School doth enter,

With his Napkin at his nose,

And his Orange stuf't with cloves,

On any Arse he'l venter.

Still doth, &c.

A French man void of *English*,

Enquiring for *Pauls* steeple,

His pardonne moy

He counted a toy,

For he whipt him before all people.

Still doth, &c.

(150)

A Welchman once was whipt there,
Until he did beshit him,
His Cuds-pluttera-Nail
Could not prevail,
For he whipt the Cambro-brittain.

Still doth, &c.

A Captain of the Train'd-band,
Sirnam'd *Cornelius Vallis*,
He whipt him so sore
Both behind and before,
He notcht his Arse like *Tallis*.

Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beef and Turnip
Neglected with a Cabbage,
He took up the Male Pillion
Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
And sowe't her like a baggage.

Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
And disturb'd the humming Concord:
He took up his Frock,
And Paid his nock,
And sawc'd him with his own Cord.

Still doth he cry, &c.

GILL upon GILL,

Or

Gills Arse uncas'd, unstript, unbound:

SIR, did you me this Epistle send;
Which is so vile and lewdly pen'd:
In which no line I can espy
Of sense or true Orthography?

So

So slovenly it goes,
In Verse and Prose,
For which I must pull down your hose.

O good Sir then cry'd he,
In private let it be,

And do not sawce me openly.

Yes Sir, I'll sawce you openly,
Before *Sound* and the Company;

And that none at thee may take heart,
Though thou art a Batchelour of Art,

Though thou hast paid thy Fees

For thy degrees:

Yet I will make thy Arse to sneer;

And now I do begin

To thresh it on thy skin,

For now my hand is In, is In.

First for the *Theams* which thou me sent,

Wherein much non-sense thou didst vent;

And for that barbarous piece of Greek,

For which in *Gartheus* thou didst seek,

And for thy faults not few,

In tongue *Hebrew*:

For which a Grove of Birch is due;

Therefore me not beseech

To pardon now thy breech:

For i'll be thy Arse Leech, Arse Leech,

Next for the offence that thou didst give,

When as in *Trinity* thou didst live,

And hadst thy Arse in *VVadham Coll. mult.*,

For bidding sing, * *Quicunque vult.*

when
he
was
Clark
of
wad-
ham,
and
being

by his place to begin a Psalm, he flung out of Church, bidding
the people sing to the praise and glory of God, *Quicunque*
vult.

And

† He And for thy † Blanketting,
 was And many such a thing,
 tossed For which thy name in town doth ring.
 in a And none deserves so ill,
 blank To hear as bad as Gill,
 et. Thy name it is a Proverb still.
 A Thou ventest hast such rascal Geer,
 Kn. Next thou a Preacher were
 tongue For which the French men all cry'd fie,
 and a To hear such pulpit Ribauldry,
 who. And sorry were to see,
 tail So worthy a degree,
 who So ill to be bestowed on thee;
 an But glad am I to say
 hold. The Masters made thee stay,
 He Till thou in * *Quarto* didst them pray.
 did sit But now remains the vilest thing,
 four The Ale house barking 'gainst the KING,
 times And all his brave and noble Peers,
 for his For which thou ventredst for thy ears
 degree. And if thou hadst thy right,
 Cut off they had been quite,
 And thou hadst been a Rogue in fight;
 But though thou mercy find,
 Yet I'll not be so kind,
 But I'll jerk thee behind, behind.

F I N I S.

Y
Y
T
T
Y
F
E
W
A
T
I
T
I
W
A
E
N
A
Y
A